

Catholic Digest

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THE WORLD BEFORE YOUR EYES



Arthur Conescu and Robert Kirby of Players, Inc., keep a melancholy watch in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. Turn to page 96.

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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Catholic Digest



VOL. 14

MARCH, 1950

NO. 5

Kenneth de Courcy, who predicted the explosion of Russia's atomic bomb two months in advance, has startling advice for the U. S. public and its leaders

What Russia Plans To Do

Condensed from the *Intelligence Digest**

THERE is little doubt about the plans of Soviet Russia. Study of staff maps, secret directives given to staff officers, officials, agents, and industry; active strategic and industrial planning; purchasing and stock-piling—all point in one direction.

The gap between what is known to certain intelligence organizations and what is accepted by political leaders is dangerous and wide. The public is, of course, almost entirely in the dark.

The American and British governments were several years out in estimating how long it would take Russia to produce atomic bombs. America's top scientist himself was wrong in his calculation. He frankly says so.

Such a miscal-

culation was possibly due to insufficient information from the U. S. Central Intelligence, which is short of personnel and needs much strengthening in all branches. America's highest experts believe that this is a matter for urgent consideration. The British service is better equipped than the U. S. but also lacks the strength it needs. It is headed by a man of long experience and exceptional ability; but he cannot work properly without larger means.

All this has great point, because the American government still seems to be misinformed or misled about Russia's atomic-bomb production capacity. This may account for Mr. Truman's personal opinion that

Russia will give up her aggressive plans, and that Stalin can be managed. It also has point because



*7023 Empire State Bldg., New York City. January, 1950.

so much of Russia's strategy is based upon surprise and upon fooling our public opinion for as long as possible. The counter to this is better official intelligence and dissemination of the known facts.

Russia is not only producing four bombs a month, but the rate will increase, and she will have a considerable stock pile by 1952 or 1953. This information is of primary importance and should have a decisive influence upon our strategy.

There were large-scale population movements in the atomic research area of Soviet Turkestan. The expulsions were in preparation for the explosion of another atom bomb Jan. 7. Russia is making considerable progress in her atomic industry. It is far more advanced than either the American or British governments have been told or are ready to admit.

One of the main direct threats to Britain and the U. S. lies in Russia's power to launch atomic bombs from long-range submarines securely based in different parts of the world. British and U.S. dependence upon sea communications, and the vulnerability of some of our greatest cities to direct attack by atomic bombs from the sea explain Russia's concentration upon a vast long-range submarine fleet and the preparation of secret bases.

The vulnerability of nearly all countries of the Near, Middle and Far East is of a different kind. They are open to attack by land forces.

This explains why Russia is keeping up her immense armies.

There is no immediate counter-striking force anywhere in the world to check the Red army. In the past, Russia has had to consider the existence of extremely powerful land forces both to the east and the west. Both are now totally eliminated and Russia's striking power on land has no ready opposition.

The defensive measures of the Atlantic powers and their associates are not nearly great enough to meet Russia's offensive potential on land.

High-level opinion is in danger of being misled by scientists whose theoretical knowledge is far in advance of existing forces and weapons.

The gap between what may be theoretically possible and conditions which exist and are likely to persist is very wide. Nevertheless, the opinion held in top circles about the defensive power of new weapons certainly has direct bearing upon the policy of rearming Germany. The scientists seem to think that weapons to stop Russia can be devised.

Given enough time and full preparation, the scientists might prove right—but the Russians will not set the time to suit our convenience. The one thing which kept Russia in check between 1945 and 1949 was America's exclusive possession of the atomic bomb—nothing else. Nothing is keeping her in check now except America's continued superiority in this arm.

One of America's big scientists has advised Washington that although Russia has made "unexpected" progress in her atomic industry, Soviet science will not keep up to this mark because the rigidity of the regime is incompatible with the needs of science. The facts prove, on the contrary, that Russian science, with the help of superior secret service and German experts, has been able to solve the most abstruse and advanced problems, despite the official overseers.

Several facts become more and more clear from a study of the evidence. The Atlantic powers are fast losing their advantages. The advice given to Mr. Truman has been and remains faulty. His advisers are working too much on theory and are in the dark from lack of proper intelligence. While, given time, the Atlantic powers could regain the advantages recently lost and in process of being lost, Russia, aware of this, does not intend to allow them that time if she can help it. Nevertheless, we are in a time gap between our recent complete superiority and Russia's fast coming (if temporary) period of advantage. In consequence, any lethargy now might prove fatal to the entire human family. But supreme exertion could and probably would avert the danger.

The recognized experts, whatever their differing theories in some matters, all agree on the following points. 1. Public opinion must be awakened to the facts. 2. Intelligence

services must at once be overhauled and improved because so much of Russian strategy is dependent upon surprise. 3. Full strategic planning needed to avert all possibilities must be started at once, regardless of expense and the theories of politicians. If optimistic theories prove right, so much the better; if they don't, the dangers which threaten may prove fatal if no preparations are made.

Russia's over-all global strategy is well known. There is incontrovertible evidence to show it. Russia is able to mobilize nearly 600 divisions; she is producing four atomic bombs per month from the three centers engaged in this work; she possesses the best Arctic air force in the world and the largest long-range, bomb-launching submarine fleet; she is at work on supersonic long-range pilotless missiles and a certain weapon in advance of the atomic bomb. Russia needs only to deprive the Atlantic powers of bases essential to them and to effect surprise, in order to point fearful weapons at the heart of our most vulnerable areas.

How can she deprive us of these bases without a war for which she is not yet ready? Russia knows all about the balance of power. She knew that between 1945 and 1949 it was decisively against her, despite her huge land forces, because America possessed the A-bomb and had access to bases from which it could have been launched.

She knows that though she now has that bomb, she is still neither

superior in it, nor possesses all the bases necessary. She knows that if she proceeds too fast she will meet disaster, and that if she goes too slowly American opinion may be aroused and cause all her new power to be outmatched very quickly.

Thus, she has, if possible, to proceed with extreme caution and pay close attention to the timing of her actions. Above all, she must keep America lulled as far as possible. Thus, every weapon from the bullet to the whisper is used against those who are trying to expose the facts and sound the vital alarm call.

Unhappily, public opinion, soothed by many voices, is for the most part still inactive, so that Russia is having brilliant successes which occur with almost monotonous regularity and without severe reaction.

When she thought it might mean war in circumstances unfavorable to her, Russia withdrew from Persia. Our public was at once lulled. She then crept back with the power of bribes and threats, slowly undermining sovereignty of the Persian regime. Now, some of Persia's most important officials are Russian-paid servants.

While the Atlantic powers let themselves think they had gained historic successes over Trieste, Berlin, and communism in France and

Italy, Russia, without using her own troops, prepared and carried through the conquest of China. She has created a most grave threat to certain strategic areas for which no defense preparations of any kind have been or are being made. Indeed, many even help Russia to the extent of saying that Chinese communists have little to do with Russia. The facts of Russia's direction of the entire military campaign in China are often ignored.

One by one, many of the most vital places from which the Atlantic nations would have to be defended in case of war have fallen into Russia's possession, are directly threatened, or are being made politically insecure.

The Atlantic powers are in danger of being left with a stock pile of atomic bombs which can be used only against the territories of their friends while their own vital areas are wide open to direct attack.

The choice is clear between drifting into an unparalleled disaster, or averting it by world action now, and crossing the threshold into one of the great ages of expansion and peace.

There is still time to arouse public opinion and public opinion still has time—though only just time—to arouse governments.

*I*T is necessary to live as one thinks; if not, one ends by thinking as one has lived.

Paul Bourget.

*A day-by-day account by a boy who had
the experience*

How It Feels To Go Blind

By MURIEL JEANNE WOOD

of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary
of Boston, one of his nurses



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Bobby was brought to the Retina Service in a final attempt to save the one eye in which he still had some vision. He had already undergone two operations, which had ended in failure. Time passed slowly in bed, because he had to lie still with both eyes bandaged for many days. To pass the time, he kept a diary, pricking the words out painstakingly in braille. When he was discharged, he gave his little diary to the doctor. Here it is, translated from the braille:

September 3. Yesterday I could see the red fire hydrant in front of my house, and read the big print in the newspaper when I held it close. Today I can just see where the window is, and I know when it is day. There is a gray cloud falling down over my eye. I am going to the hospital tomorrow for another operation, so I went all over the house to say good-by. I took a step into each room and "looked" at it for a second, to keep it in my memory. Just before I leave, I shall play the very lowest

note on the piano—just for luck.

September 4. As soon as we reached the hospital, the nurse put me to bed and bandaged my eyes. Dr. S. came in the morning and gave me a checkup. I stayed awake at night listening to the doctors talking about their cases. Once in a while they spoke of something else, but mostly just cases.

September 5. This afternoon one of the other patients came over. He thought I wasn't used to being in a hospital. I was playing a baseball game with playing cards marked in braille and he tried to be interested. He didn't know very much about sports. I play baseball, hockey, and football with my cards. The man thought there were four periods to a hockey game!

September 6. There are a lot of new nurses here since I was last in. One I met this morning. Her name is Miss Clark, and she seems very nice. There is another one named Miss Green that all the men seem to like. I can tell her by her perfume. It smells good, but is not terrifically

strong. Her hands are nice and smooth when she rubs my back.

This morning I went down to the Retina Service to be examined. In the waiting room they let me telephone my mother. I talked to Gran-
nie, and my brother, Dave. Dr. S. came out of his office, and said, "What gives?" I told him I was talking with my family, and he said, "Well, are they all deaf?" I told Mom that I was to have my operation tomorrow and that I would be home in 14 days.

September 7. They gave me ether for my operation. I always have the same dream, the letter V going around and around. I try to get hold of each end, and then it spreads out, getting bigger and bigger. I always have that dream—it never fails. I told them to tell me if the World Series was on when I came out of the ether, but I didn't feel like hearing it.

September 8. I wish God were here. Then He could have touched my eye, and I wouldn't have had my operation. But He makes your hands move, and He probably made the doctor's hands move in my operation, so that my eye could be cured.

September 9. My eye hurt before the operation, but it doesn't hurt any more, but it hurts in my leg and in my stomach and in my back. I hurt all over. The back-rub the nurse gave tonight felt heavenly, but it was too short. It could go on for ages as far as I am concerned.

September 12. They change the

beds very carefully because I have a retinal detachment. I am not allowed to move my head at all. I can squirm around and help the nurse in making the bed and still keep my head quiet. It is harder for her with the other patients.

September 13. The nurse asked me today if I wanted to make a leather belt. The man in the next bed has been making some. We had a tug of war with one of them, and we each got half. It had to be a very gentle tug of war, so as not to jar our eyes. The belt broke right in the middle. Maybe he doesn't make belts so good.

September 16. I have been playing tricks on Mr. Parker in the next bed. I take the ice cubes out of my glass of water, and shoot them across the table and they land on Mr. Parker. Five more days before they take the bandages off my eyes.

September 20. Today in a cribbage game with Speed I pegged 23 points. That might be a record for a certain part of Massachusetts. Twenty-three points is very good. I almost cheated. I could have felt and told what the next card was going to be, but I didn't.

September 22. The doctor said that I could sit up in my chair today. In the morning I dangled my legs. In the afternoon I sat up and fed myself my supper. I received about three dozen flowers from some friends. I think they are orchids or carnations. The nurse said they are yellow, white, red, and

pink. I told her I would give her one of each, and I tried to pick them out for her. The red ones smell a little different, so I can tell which they are.

September 23. I got my pinhole glasses today, but I can't yet see anything through the pinhole. I wonder if I will be able to later on. The doctors say that about 65% of the people operated on here at the hospital can see again, and that the percentage is increasing slowly as they learn more about it. I am glad that I can read braille.

September 24. I started to walk today. I was shaky at first, but by night I got so I was somewhat firm on my feet. The nurse taped my pinhole glasses on because they kept on slipping off where they are perched on my nose.

September 26. They took me down to the Retina Service office again to be examined. Dr. S. told me to put both hands underneath me, so that I wouldn't put them up to my eye, but I put only one hand

underneath me, and left the other hand at my side, so that I would feel free. It didn't hurt me, and I have will power.

Then the doctor said, "I am sorry, Bobby, but the retina is not on, and you will not be able to see." I said, "Can't you do something? Can't you give me another operation to put it back on?" He said, "No, son, there is nothing more that we can do. I feel as badly about it as you do. We have done everything that we could already. Perhaps some day doctors will know more, so that boys like you will not be blind for life. But not yet." I told him that if they were going to learn more, they had better hurry up if it was going to do me any good. Then I heard him say, as though I wasn't there at all, "I'm going to find out somehow—"

I am going home this afternoon, and start catching up on my studies. My mother has all my braille books at home. I can read braille with one hand. Even if I should lose my left hand, I could still read.



The Great Day



THE first festival officially recognized in the U. S. was St. Patrick's day. On March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, and the American soldiers took possession. General Washington, in camp at Cambridge, authorized the countersign "St. Patrick," and appointed an Irishman, General Sullivan, as brigadier of the day.

J. M. Vosburgh, O.S.M., in *Novena Notes* (3 Dec. '48).

Pope Boniface makes his decree; neither the food nor the wine runs out, and millions receive the great indulgence

The First Holy Year

By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

Condensed chapter of a book*

ON Christmas eve, in 1299, a vast crowd assembled in the Basilica of St. Peter for Vespers. They were not exclusively Roman. A large number of strangers, it seems, had been attracted to Rome by a report that great indulgences could be gained by all who visited the tombs of Sts. Peter and Paul during the course of the next year.

The reports took various and fantastic forms, but they all claimed that an indulgence could be gained some time during the opening year of the next century. Some said that a plenary indulgence was offered to all who prayed at the tombs of the Apostles on Jan. 1; others said the same indulgence was available on any day of the year; and others again limited the grant to 100 days, but supposed that it might be repeated every day of the year for all who daily said a prayer at the Apostles' shrines.



During the week the number of pilgrims increased; the different reports as to what indulgence could be gained became more numerous and conflicting; the tombs of the Apostles were hourly besieged by a growing throng of worshipers, and the streets were so crowded that, as an early writer expressed it, "It was scarcely possible to walk through the city, vast and large

though it was."

Meanwhile the Pope, whenever he chanced to visit St. Peter's, saw his basilica filled with worshipers. He heard what had induced so many to flock to his capital, was delighted at their piety and devotion, but took no step either to check it or to encourage it. Even in those early days the papal court seems to have possessed to perfection the art of waiting. It was not till Jan. 17, 1300, when the veil of St. Veronica was exposed to public veneration,

*The Holy Year of Jubilee. 1949, The Newman Press, Westminster, Md. 420 pp. \$4.25.

that the Pope, on his way to the basilica, chanced to meet an old man of 107 years, a Savoyard, who was being carried to the church in the arms of his sons. Touched at the sight, the Pope summoned father and children to his presence, and before several cardinals asked the old man his reason for undertaking such a journey at so advanced an age.

"I remember," said the aged pilgrim, "that at the beginning of the last century my father, a laborer, came to Rome and dwelt here as long as his means lasted, in order to gain the indulgence. He bade me not to forget to come at the beginning of the next century, if I should live that long, which he did not think I should do." He was asked what indulgence he hoped to gain by coming to Rome. "A hundred days' indulgence every day of the year," he replied.

This report was confirmed by two other men, both centenarians, from the diocese of Beauvais. Aged pilgrims from different parts of Italy gave evidence of a similar tradition. The Pope was interested in the stories, and commissioned some of the cardinals to examine the ancient records. He told them to collect what testimony they could as to the belief of the faithful regarding the spiritual favors they could obtain by coming to Rome in the first year of a new century. The inquiry proved that people believed they could gain an indulgence of some kind, but no

written document in support of the belief could be discovered. Unwilling that his flock should be deprived of what they had put themselves to great inconvenience to obtain, the Pope, on Feb. 22, issued a bull confirming whatever indulgences had been granted in the past and granting a plenary indulgence to all "who, being truly penitent, shall confess their sins, and shall approach these basilicas each succeeding hundredth year."

From every country the pilgrims streamed to Rome. There were rich and poor, young and old, sound and infirm, men and women. The roads of Italy were safe; pilgrims of all nations were allowed to come and go unhindered. Vast as were the crowds, and though a flooding of the Tiber at one moment threatened famine, there was no disturbance, thanks mainly to the exertions of Pope Boniface and the Roman magistrates.

"It was a wonderful spectacle," wrote the Florentine merchant Giovanni Villani. "There were continually upwards of 100,000 pilgrims in the city, without counting those that each day came and went, and yet all were cared for and abundantly supplied with provisions, both men and horses, and all this in the best order, without disturbance or conflict."

"The crowd of men and women," records the chronicler of Asti, "was stupendous. I saw it with my own eyes, for I spent 14 days in the city.

There was abundance of flesh, fish, and oats to be purchased in the market. Hay was very dear, and so also was lodging, so that my bed and stabling for my horse, without fodder, cost me every day a *grosso tournois*. As I rode away from Rome on Christmas eve, I found the roads encumbered with a multitude of pilgrims which no man could count, and amongst the Romans it was said that more than two million men and women had come to the city in all. Over and over again I saw both men and women trodden under foot in the press, and I myself more than once was hard beset to escape the same danger."

Very colorful also are the descriptions preserved for us of the behavior of the pilgrims. They came in pilgrim garb, or in the national dress of the countries to which they belonged, on foot, on horseback, in wagons, bringing with them those that were exhausted and sick, and laden with their baggage. There were aged men 100 years old, led by their children, and there were youths who carried father or mother to Rome on their shoulders. They spoke in the dialects of many lands, but they sang the litanies in the one language of the Church, and all their eager desires were directed to one and the same object. While yet far off, when they caught a glimpse of the towers of the Holy City across the broad Campagna, they broke into joyous shouts of "*Roma, Roma,*" like sailors who, after a long

voyage, sight land once more. Then they threw themselves on their knees for a while, and rose up with the cry, "Sts. Peter and Paul, graciously hear us." At the gates their countrymen or acquaintances received them to conduct them to their lodging, but first they went to St. Peter's, to climb on their knees the steps of the antecourt, and they did not attend to their own needs until they had gone and knelt down before the tomb of the Apostles.

A curious illustration of contemporary Roman manners is one historian's recording as something quite uncommon that even young unmarried girls were allowed to visit the two basilicas. "During the day, in protection of their virginal modesty, they remained at home, shielded from the rude gaze of the men, but at night, under the safe escort of matrons, they sallied forth to visit the churches of the Apostles."

Whether Dante himself came to Rome during 1300 does not seem quite certain. What we know of his official occupation at Florence, and of the fierce hostility with which he regarded Pope Boniface, would indicate that he did not. He has, none the less, in the *Divine Comedy*, a reference to the regulations made for preserving order, which seems to come from an eyewitness:

*E'en thus the Romans, when the year
returns
Of jubilee, with better speed to rid
The thronging multitudes, their means
devise*

For such as pass the bridge; that on one side

*All front toward the Castle, and approach
St. Peter's fane, on the other towards
the mount.*

[This is supposed to have been the origin of the custom of keeping to the right on a crowded street.]

In spite of the difficulty of feeding such huge crowds, the food problem seems, on the whole, to have been successfully solved. For the first three months there was an abundance of provisions, but then fears arose that the supply of food might run short. Even if there were sufficient grain, it was thought there would be a lack of flour mills and ovens.

Actually, there was enough grain, and extra precautions were taken by bidding the inhabitants of the neighboring towns to supply bread ready-made, while the country people brought in whatever fruit and vegetables they could spare. Fortunately

the harvest was good, the wine presses flowed with a generous vintage, and although things became dearer in October, this in no way affected the people's great religious devotion.

No one who reads Stefaneschi's narrative of the Holy Year can feel any doubt of its really spiritual character. The pilgrimage to Rome was not a trip or a jaunt, but a true incentive to piety, in which the absolute necessity of contrition of heart as a condition for gaining the indulgence was never lost sight of.

There is a contemporary inscription referring to the jubilee in the cathedral at Siena. The rude leonine hexameters may fairly be represented by some such jingle as the following:

*At Rome each hundredth year
Occurs the Jubilee;
Sins are washed clear,
The penitent set free.
Pope Boniface made this decree.*

What to Read

"I WOULD like to read about five or six books which would give me a better understanding of my religion. What would you suggest?"

I would suggest, first of all, the New Testament. Next, I recommend a life of Christ. Fouard's *Christ the Son of God* is simple and substantial, as Goodier's *The Public Life of Our Lord* is more scholarly. The average reader will enjoy Ricciotti's *Life of Christ*.

For the remaining four books I would nominate Frank Sheed's *A Map of Life*, and *Saints Are Not Sad*, which he compiled; Monsignor Knox's *The Belief of Catholics*; and *The Story of American Catholicism* by Theodore Maynard.

From *Balancing the Books* by John S. Kennedy in the *Catholic Transcript* (3 Nov. '49).

*The Reds carried on where the nazis
left off, and orphans trudge wearily
around the earth*

EXILE

By EILEEN EGAN

Condensed from *Columbia**

IT was a large, bare room in Camp Tirpitz, a camp for displaced persons not far from the bomb-flattened city of Bremen in North Germany. Crowded into it were 149 boys and girls, most of them between ten and 16 years old. They were listening to a farewell speech by a woman who had been with them eight years. Those were Polish boys and girls who, the next morning, would sail for permanent homes in Canada.

I watched the composed, adult faces of the children. Many were undersized, though many more were strong, healthy, and husky. They were remnants of Polish families who had been deported by the Soviets to Siberia during the time of the Hitler-Stalin agreement on

the division of Poland: 144 were orphans.

Mrs. Eugenie Grosicka, who was speaking, had gathered the little ones in Asiatic Russia, in 1941. Ever since, she had thought of nothing but saving them. Now, they were saved by visas to Canada. She mothered them; she had brought them to Persia, to camps in East Africa, to a transient camp in Salerno, Italy, and now to Camp Tirpitz. As she talked, she explained that she must leave them, since her son, also an exile, was waiting for her in England.

At that point, tears rolled down her tired face. Suddenly, the quiet faces of the youngsters changed, and all the agony of ten years of separation and death broke through. The room was filled with sobbing, but it was not the crying of children nor of teen-agers; it was the sobbing of grown women who have been spared none of the worst terrors of life.

Watching the scene was Miss Dorothy Sullivan, who, through the Catholic Immigrant Aid Society of Canada, had arranged the visas with the Canada Immigration commission. Miss Sullivan had come with



the youngsters from Salerno, Italy, in a transfer made by the IRO (International Refugee Organization), the over-all agency for displaced persons.

Watching, also, was the young Franciscan Father Lucian Krolikowski. He was chaplain of the group. He would emigrate to Canada with them, helping them daily on the voyage as he had every day since his ordination in exile, three years before. Present, also, was Monsignor Meystowicz, dean of the exiled Polish clergy in Rome and the representative of War Relief Services-NCWC.

A double sorrow was weighing on the children: the parting from Mrs. Grosicka and the worry of 26 whose hope of emigration was in the balance. The 26 could not sail on the Army transport *General Stuart Heintzelman* on the following day. Seventeen of the young exiles would probably sail in a month, because their cases were being reviewed merely for technicalities. Nine would have a longer wait. They had developed tuberculosis, and would have to be certified as cured before being allowed to emigrate. Many of the tubercular children had brothers and sisters who, by agreement, were leaving for Canada.

Standing in the front line was Bronislawa, one of the nine TB rejects. She and her 17-year-old brother were sole survivors of a family which had been deported to Siberia.

The brother, a fine, solid young man, was all set to take his little sister to Canada. Then came the news about Bronislawa. Miss Sullivan asked the boy and girl to talk the whole thing over to decide whether both should remain behind in Germany.

"We have talked it over," said Bronislawa. "My brother will go to Canada, and when I am strong I shall go after him."

"And," said the big brother, "if I want to come back to Bronislawa, Canada is a free country and I can always leave."

But this last evening of exile was hard. Bronislawa's face epitomized the bitterness of this and all exile.

Most of the boys stood stony-faced, though the younger ones were not all successful in the role of strong men. To close the farewell scene, Monsignor Meystowicz asked them to sing a hymn. The boys and girls sang to our Lady, protector of children. As the hymn drew to a close, the sobbing of the many little women subsided. The next morning, Mass was offered for the children.

Before the boat left, Stanislaw, a lad of 16, told me the story of his family. When the Soviets took over Eastern Poland in 1939, they killed his father, an engineer. Stanislaw was second eldest of four brothers. One night he, his mother and his brothers were loaded into a cattle car with about 60 other Poles. After two weeks, they were disgorged in

Siberia, led into barracks. Each family had a stall, not a room, as its home quarters. All able-bodied men and some of the boys were sent into the woods.

A second long trip, after the Poles in Russia were freed from forced labor, took the tragic little family in another cattle car to Bokhara, Turkestan. The youngest boy died in the boxcar. The next youngest boy fell dead in the Bokhara station. Stanislaw and his elder brother were immediately taken to a Soviet hospital in Bokhara. The mother left them there that evening, promising to come back in the morning.

Stanislaw's older brother died in his hospital bed, and Stanislaw waited alone for a mother who never came. She fell ill and died in Bokhara. Stanislaw, lone witness of the effect of tyranny and mass deportation, was taken by Polish authorities to Teheran and then to the orphanage in East Africa.

A similar story was told to me by Zofia, 16, youngest of a family of four sisters and two brothers. At 3 A.M. one February morning in 1940, the Soviet police ordered the family of eight to leave their home for a "transfer to another town."

A bus took them to Bialystok, where they were loaded into boxcars and sent off into the night. Soup and bread were served to them at station stops for the next two or three weeks—Zofia does not know how long. The family was put out at Novo-Sibirsk. They remained

there a year and a half. The father worked at forced labor in the forests and the mother gathered mushrooms and anything else that would help keep the family alive.

One day, the father did not come home from the woods. After a search, his body was found, frozen into the hard Siberian earth.

When Hitler invaded Russia the family was freed, and joined the trek southward in boxcars. The eldest boy wished to join the Polish army being formed on Russian soil to fight with the Allies. He died on the way to the recruiting center in Turkestan. The mother and five remaining children were placed in a Soviet hospital in Turkestan and, when all had died, little Zofia was put out into a street in Bokhara.

The blonde eight-year-old was picked up by Polish deportees. Mrs. Grosicka added the little survivor to her group of orphans and half-orphans.

Many children remember far less. Little Andrew, ten years old, remembers nothing except that in some cold place, he does not know where, his mother wrapped him in a red blanket. He does not remember his father nor any other member of his family. He was taken by another family when his mother died.

It would be easy to doubt such stories were it not for the fact that the children are living witnesses to them. They wear in their little bodies, and on their scarred spirits,

proof of the toll of deportations, whether by the nazis or by such allies in the last war as Russia or Czechoslovakia. Other witnesses to the deportation of 1½ to 2 million Poles into Soviet Asia are now mute: the hundreds upon hundreds of Polish children who died of disease and exhaustion after they reached Iran in 1942 and 1943. Iran is not Christian, but all along its borders are isolated cemeteries marked with Christian crosses. In one town, Pahlevi, is a cemetery with rows of hundreds of such crosses, marking the graves of Polish children who, escaping from Russia, died before friendly hands could save them.

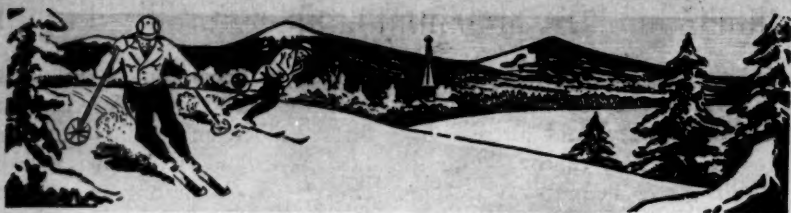
The bishops of America, through War Relief Services-NCWC, sent a mission to Iran in 1943 to help the Poles as they came out. American Catholic help followed the Polish exiles wherever they went. The children were the special concern of NCWC, and special supplies were sent to the orphanages in East Africa, as well as to the orphans accepted for resettlement in New Zealand. More than 1¼ million deportees remained in Russia. At least 25% are known to have died.

I was sent to help the Polish exiles from Siberia who were brought half way around the world and given temporary haven in Mexico. Three hundred of the Polish orphans were welcomed there in 1943. The sight of the children, all under 12, in a new land, each carrying under his

arm the package containing all his worldly goods, burned itself into the minds of all who saw them.

But now it was a different group, though the same tale of ghoulis cruelty. In 1943, when I, in a special program of War Relief Services-NCWC, tried to bring something of the joy of childhood back into the lives of those who had been robbed of childhood, people hoped that the victory of democracy would halt such mass expulsions. Now it was 1949, and the witnesses to inhuman expulsion were still homeless, their homes in Eastern Poland having been ceded to another power without any consultation of the poor people concerned. In the last six years, thousands upon thousands of bombs had been dropped upon innocent and guilty alike. Children at school and the sick in hospitals had been killed and their deaths justified by the end in view, freedom from tyranny. And now, the blood of the slain seemed to have been poured in vain, because the pattern of mass deportation had grown until the heart of Europe was filled with human beings in exile, men, women and children.

I stood on the dock and waved to the children who had boarded the *General Stuart Heintzelman* for Canada. It seemed that the whole 123 of them were waving back to us. To them, and to the millions of other uprooted, homeless wanderers, we in the Americas have a duty we dare not sidestep.



Skiing and swimming two hours apart and a brand new church in the mountains

The Spire That Skis Built

By JAMES LAUGHLIN

Condensed from *Town and Country**

Two of the best ski resorts in France are on the Riviera. Back of the Côte d'Azur rise the Alpes Maritimes. From the seacoast they look barren and brown. But if you penetrate into them, up the river valleys of the Var and the Tinée, you find them getting higher and greener, until suddenly you are in the snow, and a whole Alpine world stretches round you. Jump in a car at Cannes or Nice and two hours later you can be in Valberg or Auron, skiing on slopes as big and as steep as anyone could ask.

Both places have the advantage of having been built for skiing from the ground up. A few years before the war, French promoters sensed a good thing in this nearness of Alpine snow to Riviera beaches and searched out the best possible locations for ski development. Mountaineers from Cannes and Nice had

been climbing and ski-touring in these ranges for a long time and knew where the snow fell the heaviest and lay the longest. Valberg was chosen for its sunny, open slopes; Auron for the sportiness of its steep runs.

The big gun of skiing and mountaineering in the Alpes-Maritimes is Dr. Vincent Paschetta, an ebullient sawbones who has pioneered many of the local climbs and heads the Alpine club in Nice. I had hoped to be able to make a tour with him, but unfortunately he was tied up when I arrived in Nice last February. He told me, however, that I would be well entertained in Valberg by the village priest, Father Dulieux. And so, one morning, I set out in an antique, sight-seeing charabanc, clutching my skis with some embarrassment. It seemed silly to be carting them around in a town full of palm trees and flowers.

On the trip up the valley of the Var (once the border between France and Italy) old fortress villages of the 12th century cling to the cliffs above the highway and the road winds and tunnels through gorges and past waterfalls. It was hard to believe that there would really be snow, because we did not see a patch of it till we left the river valleys.

Then at Beuil, at an altitude of about 4,500 feet, the snow suddenly appeared and when we had climbed another thousand feet to Valberg, it was plentiful—several feet on the ground, in a winter which was called the poorest for snow in several decades.

Riding up in the bus, I had been rehearsing my ecclesiastical manners in anticipation of meeting Father Dulieux. I pictured him as portly, perhaps elderly. As we drove into the pretty little village—all modern chalets and bright as a toy shop—I was casting about for his church's spire, when the flashing figure of a woman in a black ski skirt, coming down the slope in fast swings, caught my eye. She drew up beside the road with a fine spray of snow just as the bus came to a halt, and ... bless my soul ... it was no woman at all, but a handsome young priest with ski boots popping out from beneath his cassock!

Over an excellent lunch, and fortified by a first-rate *vin du pays* in a charming little hotel, I learned Father Dulieux's story. Some years be-

fore, he had come down with a bad lung and his bishop had packed him off to Valberg in the hope of saving him. When he arrived, there was no church to speak of, only one of those little mountain shrines under a thatched roof, hardly big enough to hold an altar. Valberg had hardly existed before skiing came to the village. It was just a place where peasants who lived in the valleys below came in the green seasons to pasture their flocks.

The young priest quickly sized up the situation and saw that the flock which most needed shepherding were the skiers who had begun to pour into Valberg on winter week ends. He said Masses for them at convenient hours, before the lifts started on Sunday mornings. The good air of the mountains began to do its healing work and in a few years he was able to pursue the cure of souls right out onto the ski hills. Today Father Dulieux is as solid as they come and, when he took me off on skis to inspect the slopes after lunch, I could scarcely keep up with him.

But the great wonder in Valberg has been the new church. The young priest's gallant battle, his gaiety and enthusiasm, moved the hearts of the skiers who came to Valberg and they began to answer his prayers for a new church with generosity. And today it is there, Notre-Dame de Valberg, a beautiful little chapel in the modern style, as white and shining as the snow

around it, with frescoes of skiers and saints and mountain flowers and angels as colorful as sugar candy. It is a place where the joyful heart really ascends with the larks to God.

I had hoped to be able to go from Valberg to Auron on skis, since it is only a distance of about eight miles northward, as the crow flies, but this proved to be impossible; there are some steep slopes between which are not ski-able. So, it was back to Nice with the bus and then up the valley of the Tinée, a few mornings later, in another bus—this one jammed to the roof with eager teen-agers, members of the local ski club, who were off for a day's outing in the snow. I had a little difficulty in getting used to their accent, but once I caught on to it, I found them interesting. Perhaps it isn't fair to judge from so short an encounter, but it struck me that those French boys and girls were a good deal more mature than their American counterparts. There seemed to be much less of the kind of kidding that often makes a gathering of American young sound like a crowd of jungle monkeys.

Again, it was a beautiful trip up the valley from the coast, with frequent glimpses into the Middle Ages as we passed through villages where the bus almost scraped the houses on both sides of the narrow street. We followed the river Tinée to the town of St.-Etienne and then doubled sharply back up a steep

valley wall, then back again around a shoulder of the mountain, and there, suddenly, was the snow, and Auron nestling in a small plateau beneath the circling peaks. I caught sight of the long cable-car line at once, and with a gasp of pleasure, because here was a really big ski mountain with long drops and plunging slopes. The old excitement of tackling new runs surged through me. I'll have to admit I was not too polite in getting my skis unloaded off the bus roof and dashing into line for a place on the next car up the mountain.

Upon unloading from the cable car at the mountaintop and following the crowd to the jump-off point, I was confronted with the usual confusion of signboards designating the different available runs. But here they were all labeled musically with the tones of the scale! Beginning with easy "Do" and "Re" for novices, the little markers tinkled through "Mi," "Fa," and "Sol," to difficult "La" and "Si." I was much tempted by "Mi," which zig-zags through heavy timber on the south flank, but finally settled for the open slopes of "Fa." Or rather, I started on "Fa," but was feeling so sharp—it was a fine sunny day and my companions of the club bus were eyeing me curiously—that I ended on "La." And indeed those slopes of Las Donnas are conducive to song. They are steep, but with good rolls for interest and plenty of room to swing it wide. They remind me a little bit

of Slide mountain at Reno, except that there is a much greater ski-able width and variety.

Naturally the snow was far from powder. You can't have everything. You can't expect to have the Mediterranean sun cook you to a nice lobster pink in February and also spray powder when you turn. But it was a good, packed surface and there was plenty of it, a noteworthy fact in a year when all Europe was howling for snow.

I'm promising myself a return to the snows of the Alpes-Maritimes

and the gaieties of the Côte d'Azur some other year, when I'll have time to do them proper justice. The little taste I had of this unusual kind of vacation, half-sea and half-mountains, was provocative, and it would not surprise me at all if Auron and Valberg see an influx of American skiers in the years to come. If you are lucky enough to be one of them, say hello to the Abbé Dulieux for me, and whether or not it is Sunday stop for a moment in his lovely little chapel at Valberg to give thanks for the joy that skiing has brought us.

The Open Door

WHEN I was about 12 years old my mother and I were shopping in a large variety store. Mother said, "Look around and pick out something you'd like and I'll buy it for you." I looked at jewelry and a lot of foolish things that would appeal to a 12-year-old. Then my eyes were drawn to a beautiful statue of what I thought was the Blessed Virgin. (I later found out that it was "The Little Flower.") I didn't hesitate for a minute. I said, "This is what I want, Mother." She looked at me askance. "This is for a Catholic, and you're a Protestant," she said. My mind wasn't to be changed, though, and I left the store with the statue held tightly in my arms. When we arrived home I put the statue on my dresser where I could admire it. We moved quite often but my statue traveled wherever we went.

About six years later, Mother had a spare room and decided to rent it. A young man came to look at it, and as he was going through our apartment he spied my statue. He was a Catholic, and thinking we were a Catholic family, he decided it would be a nice place to live.

The young man and I fell in love. I turned Catholic and we were married. We have three children, a boy and two girls, who all go to parochial schools. Now, 22 years later, my statue of St. Theresa still stands on my dresser. Some of the paint has worn off and her nose is broken but I wouldn't part with her for anything.

Edna M. Bigham.

*A new art brings beauty from destruction, and a new artist brings
thanksgiving out of sorrow*

Mosaics from Rubble

By ELISABETHE H. C. CORATHIEL

Condensed from the *Catholic Fireside**

LISBETH LACHER was trained as a dressmaker. From the time she left school, just before the outbreak of the war, she had been content to work at home. Patiently, and without making any special demands on life, she earned a modest living by plying her needle.

The collapse of Germany brought with it a great shortage of textile goods. Deprived of raw materials for her normal trade, Lisbeth had to look for a new means of livelihood. All doors seemed closed. But just when the outlook was darkest, new hope dawned. In the very ruins of the bomb-shattered buildings which lay all around her, Lisbeth found fresh inspiration and a way to fame.

Her first task was to search among the rubble for tiny fragments of marble and stone. She found many such precious bits of debris. There

was an abundance of splintered marble pavements and shattered pillars. These she proceeded to turn into mosaics of her own creation.

There is, of course, nothing particularly new in making mosaics. But Lisbeth's mosaics are unlike any that have ever been created be-

fore. They reflect Lisbeth's own deep religious feeling.

She is now a woman in her early thirties, quiet, retiring, deeply pious, unbelievably patient. She seldom speaks; it is with the greatest difficulty that she can be persuaded to show any work on which she is engaged. But for the fact that the famous art firm of F.

X. Zettler, Munich, "discovered" her, she might be still unknown to the art world.

This firm has been doing much of the church-restoration work in bombed-out Germany. Stained glass is its specialty and a potent source



of dollar earnings, for orders are already pouring into the firm from abroad, many coming from American buyers, and even a few from Ireland and England.

With all the foreign attention focused on the firm, Lisbeth's mosaics have naturally shared in the demand, and there is every sign that her fame will soon spread beyond Germany.

What is it that makes Lisbeth's mosaics so different?

In the first place, she uses no artificial tints; she relies entirely on the natural grain and color of the stone for achieving her effects. This means that her compositions are all executed in harmonies of green, beige, fawn, off-white, brown and yellow. There is a haziness, a slight indefiniteness of outline which, strangely enough, seems to intensify her art by giving endless scope for the play of the spectator's imagination.

What undoubtedly heightens the power of Lisbeth Lacher's work, however, is her own deep sincerity. One knows it is a result of intense personal suffering and inherent piety.

Static and stylized as her figures are, the very haziness of the color scheme seems to give them the power of movement. One feels im-

pelled to study them from various angles—and from every point of view they seem to present a different and more arresting aspect.

There is one crucifixion scene in which the figure of Christ radiates love, and yet looks, from certain aspects, like a racked skeleton—a symbol of all the suffering and injustice to which the human frame has ever been subjected. This, one feels, is what the crucifixion really was; it conveys a message which no Christian can possibly ignore. It is, indeed, this uncanny power to convey a message that distinguishes all of Lisbeth Lacher's work and makes it live.

What is the secret that turned the simple, modest little dressmaker into a great creative artist? She will not speak of it herself; but her friends whisper that it was her younger brother's capture by the Russians early in the war. He spent several years in slavery. Lisbeth and her aged mother prayed incessantly for the young man's release. Never for one moment did they lose faith; and eventually their prayers were answered. Just over a year ago he was sent back to his home. And from the moment she knew that his life had been preserved, Lisbeth's art burst into flower.

Check Your Spiritual Chassis, Mister?

WE HAVE our cars greased and our oil changed every 1,000 miles. We have them checked by competent mechanics. Why not pay the same careful attention to our personal lives?

James S. Mitchell in the *Journal of Living*.

Our visit was easy to make, inspiring to experience, and even entertaining at the end

When We Went To See the Pope

By JOHN COGLEY

Condensed from *Today**

Two of us, an American student-veteran and I, came into the Eternal City at noon one day, two unknown and unknowing Americans. We had no letters of introduction, no friends nor acquaintances, no hint as to how one went about things there. Before noon two days later, we were both talking to the Holy Father in one of the smaller rooms of the Vatican palace. At the time it seemed pretty incredible. The Holy Father, we learned, was easier to see than many an American curate.

At the Vatican one considered with trepidation what would happen to the tradition of daily papal audiences if those uncompromising stalwarts, the dedicated rectory housekeepers of America, were ever installed.

We thought, of course, that getting a papal audience was going to be difficult. We thought it would involve filling out numerous forms,



a long bureaucratic wait and at least a delicate frisking by the Swiss guards before we were permitted to come into the Holy Father's presence. There was none of that.

It was Rico, a young black-market operator, who told us what to do. "Go to the American Catholic club," he said.

"Tell them there that you want you should see *il Papa*. Then, *voilà!* (Rico was a linguist) one day, two days later, there you are and there's *il Papa*."

We took Rico's advice and applied at the American Catholic club a few hours later.

"You're in luck," the young Italian-American director of the club told us. "I'm taking a group of American sailors over to the Vatican tomorrow morning. The Holy Father will receive us at ten o'clock. Be here at nine sharp."

The next morning, with a few other civilians, we joined a group

of 100 or so Navy men and whisked off to St. Peter's in buses. After we got there and were being led through room after room, the rich art treasures of the ages on all sides of us, the group fell into complete silence. Finally, after we had climbed many steps, passed through a labyrinth of reception halls and beautifully frescoed corridors, we reached the audience room where the Pope was to receive us.

The room was comparatively simple. There was a small throne at the head of it and a very large crucifix so placed that all eyes would fall on it. There were no Swiss guards in sight. The only Vatican representatives in the room were two sentry-like chamberlains, dressed in silk knee breeches and buckled shoes, like characters from an 18th-century opera.

The man in charge of our group gave a few preliminary instructions after he had lined us up around the walls, so that the Holy Father would have only to move from one to another in order to speak to everyone.

"Strictly speaking," the man in charge told us, "there are no rules for an audience like this, aside from the normal rules of courtesy. However, it is customary in the Vatican to kneel when the Holy Father enters the room. But if for any reason you'd prefer not to do that—those of you who are not Catholics—it is the Pope's wish that you do not do so. He doesn't want any non-Catholic to feel obliged to make any

gesture that might be disagreeable or uncomfortable."

From the front of the line came an authoritative voice. It was the senior naval officer present. "We will be *happy*, sir, to observe the customary protocol. I'm not a Catholic, but I'm sure *all* of us, Protestants and Jews, will be only too *glad* to do so." He looked around at the nervous sailors, and his eyes seemed to be telling them things in military language. Apparently they all got the idea. I noticed that later, when the Holy Father came in, not one sailor was standing. They were all on their knees, some of them probably for the first time in their lives.

"Another thing," the man in charge said. "It is customary, almost traditional now, for the U.S. Navy to give three rousing cheers for the Holy Father when he concludes the audience. I thought you would want to know."

The senior officer spoke again. This time he directed his words to a tough-looking Marine sergeant in the corner. "Sergeant," he said, "see that the custom . . . er . . . ah, the tradition is observed."

The sergeant looked around the room and finally decided on a pimply young sailor who looked like a high-school student. "You," the sergeant said. "You take care of that."

"Who, me?" the kid said.

"Yes, I said you." The kid's pimples began to fade.

Now we were ready. You couldn't have expected deeper silence in a

Trappist novitiate. Each of us, I suppose, was thinking the same thought: Here I am, me, in the Vatican palace and any minute now, His Holiness, Pius XII, will walk into this room and talk to me.

We came from all over the U.S. There were young officers among the Navy men who had places like Princeton, Williams or Harvard written all over them. Among the sailors there were long, lean Texans from the plains. Others had that peculiarly American hillbilly look about them. There were those with the big-city manner; tough kids from the teeming streets of Brooklyn, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland. Among the civilians was a man who had introduced himself earlier as a professor from a big stateside secular university. There was a beautiful young Filipino, the only woman in the room, wearing the traditional black veil.

As we stood around the room, waiting in silence, I began to wonder what associations each of us made with the word *Pope*. Those of us who were Catholics had been taught from babyhood to surround the word with profound respect, to regard it as the highest office a man can reach on earth. Others in the room had at some time in their lives, perhaps even now, believed that the Pope was the Antichrist, the man who wore the diabolic 666 on his belt. There were probably American "liberals" here, buried deep in them the genteel bigotry

that passes as broad-mindedness at fashionable cocktail parties. "What are the thoughts of all of us at this minute?" I wondered.

Anyway, there we were, waiting for the Holy Father, and everyone silent, each one looking woefully alone.

Suddenly the white figure appeared as if from nowhere. Actually, he had walked briskly down a long corridor leading into the room, but the silent slippers the Pope traditionally wears and the thick rugs had given us no warnings.

The Holy Father's face and figure, of course, are known throughout the world. I felt—and anything like this must be very personal—that there were two aspects I saw now that the cameras had never quite caught.

In pictures sometimes Pius XII looks like the diplomat-cardinal type, a figure known from fiction and the studied casting of the theater. But one of the dominant impressions I had here was of the Holy Father's spirituality. He is ascetically tall and thin, has burning eyes and a smile that seems capable of melting the prejudices of the hardest of the hard-shelled. But aside from these external graces, there is an inner quality that comes through, as it does with few others. Sanctity, I know, is often hidden behind the blunt mien and crude manner of a muscular wrestler type. But with some nature and grace seem to work

in beautiful harmony, the face the world sees mirroring wonderfully the spiritual resources within. Then you have a beauty that transcends mere symmetry and physical perfection. The Holy Father is one of these. You know instinctively in his presence that here is a man who feeds on the spirit. This is a subtlety too delicate for camera lens, though the good photos have sometimes suggested it.

I also had the impression that the cameras have never quite caught the Holy Father's "Italian-ness." In his presence, one is very aware that he is talking to an Italian, a Roman. His general appearance, his gestures, his whole manner are something that is of Italy, Italian.

In all, the audience, a routine chore on the Pope's daily schedule, took about a half-hour. He went from one person to another, blessed the religious articles they had with them, and for a few precious seconds passed pleasantries with each visitor, most of whom, like me, were much too nervous to say anything very intelligent. The girl from the Philippines was so moved when he came to her that she wept. "Everyone at home gave me special messages for him, and I never remembered them, not even one."

After he had spoken to the last one of us, the Holy Father went to the middle of the room and prayed aloud, for those present, for other relatives and friends at home and for their special intentions. Then he

asked each of us to pray for him and his own intentions.

A photographer appeared. A picture was taken to mark the occasion for us. The Holy Father posed easily and graciously in our midst, clutching the cross on his breast. The pictures and the little medals he gave us would be saved as souvenirs of this big day in our lives.

He was getting ready to leave the room. I wondered when the sailors would give their "customary, almost traditional" cheer. The kid with the pimples was looking pretty uncomfortable, I noticed, as his moment drew near. It was obviously a case of military mal-assignment. He just wasn't the type to lead such a display of hardy good fellowship; he seemed to be suffering, as many another man has suffered, from the whimsical choice of a sergeant.

With no warning, suddenly everyone's attention, including the Holy Father's, was caught. A Henry Aldrich croak came abruptly from a corner of the room, a croak that was very unsteady and very unsure of itself and unmistakably adolescent: "Hip-hip hooray! Hip-hip hooray! Hip . . . Hip . . . Hooray!" The final hooray died a slow, slow death. There were smiles all over the room. It was a minute before anyone realized that the unhappy young gob had single-handedly carried on the custom that is almost a tradition. No one had joined in with him. The Holy Father himself was smiling as he left the room.

There are still a lot of things that need to be invented

Want To Make a Million?

By HENRY F. UNGER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**



AN OFFICIAL of the U. S. Patent Office took notice of the small number of applications for patents. He swung his feet on his desk and muttered, "Well, I guess that winds up inventing. The age of invention is closed." But that was in 1800, and the official didn't understand the inventive genius of Americans. The coming industrial age would find a potential inventor in almost every American family.

Anyone who constantly putters in his workshop is a potential inventor. Although he needs guidance, he might easily uncover an invention and join the list of some 300 patent-holders whose royalties bring \$500,000 annually. Or he might join the list of 20,000 who hold patents bringing them each a \$100,000 royalty check every year.

Leo Peters had a few cents' worth of plastic, and an effervescent imagination. The Evanston, Ill., lad worked for some time in the marketing-research department of Armour & Co. In 1939 he showed his employers how to color white mar-

garine by warming it and kneading it with a color capsule in a rubber balloon. The Armour people watched; dubbed it impractical.

Peters wasn't discouraged. It took him six years to land the Cudahy Packing Co. Their oleomargarine sales skyrocketed 1,100% despite the price increase of 2¢ to cover Peters' royalties.

Peters joined the select group of inventors whose patents yield \$1 million a year. About half of the patents granted by the U. S. Patent Office go to free-lance inventors; the other half to inventors working for large corporations.

Inventing did not originate in this country, but Americans have almost a death grip on it today. It is a kind of national sport, an exciting game. It makes money for the inventor, increases our comfort, creates employment, and, in general, forms a cushion for hard times.

Though an idea may spring up fast in the inventor's mind, it sometimes requires long experimentation. One day in the 1870's a clerk was waiting for a horsecar. He

picked up several women's hairpins and toyed with them, and thought of the now widely used office paper clip. In the early 1900's Daniel O'Sullivan, a tester of electrical apparatus, was required to stand on a rubber mat to prevent shocks. The mat was too small, and he burned his feet when they slipped off the mat. To prevent further injury, O'Sullivan cut out pieces of rubber and glued them to his shoes. He quickly noticed the pleasant walk on the new rubber base. He patented rubber heels, and got rich.

Fortunes have been made by amateurs who improved known patents. Barbed wire, for instance, was known in 1874. Farmers were making it themselves, painfully wrapping bits of sharp metal around fence wires at intervals. Joseph F. Glidden invented a machine to wind barbs into twisted wire. The process was simple and much cheaper. Glidden soon made \$1 million.

Hyman L. Lyman of Philadelphia first placed a rubber eraser on a pencil. He sold his patent for \$100,000. D. C. Stillson, an ordinary steamfitter, patented the pipe wrench, an improvement on the monkey wrench. The new wrench could get at round things like a pipe instead of being limited to angular nuts and bolts. William H. Painter of Baltimore experimented a little and came up with a fortune-making crown-type bottle cap as now used. It eliminated the wire-loop gadget, which had not been reliable. John

W. Hyatt was attempting to win a cash award by inventing a synthetic substance to replace the costly ivory in billiard balls. Instead he came up with celluloid, which made it possible for him to retire for life. Back in 1915, a Vermont father sought a device to amuse his son. He did, and made a fortune with his invention—a kiddie car. Every American has heard about Gillette blue blades. Years ago King C. Gillette grew weary of stropping and honing a straight razor. He developed a crude wooden-handled version of the safety razor. He made his fortune before time ran out on his patent and competition engulfed him.

Despite the talk about intuition, Patent Office records show no revolutionary inventions by women; in a 15-year period, only 1.5% of all U.S. patents were issued to feminine inventors. But Rose Morton of New York recently invented a new umbrella tip. Back in 1789, Miss Betsey Metcalf, of Dedham, Mass., invented a process of bleaching coarse meadow grass to braid into bonnets. Mariners are thankful to Mrs. Martha J. Coston for her invention of a signal flare. Hannah Montague of Troy, N. Y., irked at the extra work caused by the soiling of her husband's collars while the shirt itself remained clean, invented the detachable collar.

Charles F. Kettering, chairman of the National Inventors council, referred to an inventor as a "fellow who doesn't know anything about

the subject at all and therefore is willing to try something." That is clearly explained by the long lines of inventions that have poured from inventors' minds and hands. Without the amateur inventor there might be no metal eyelets or emery paper, screw hooks, pencil sharpeners, ice-cream pies, all-day suckers.

The government has listed 2,100 inventions still needed. America still looks for an everlasting match, an electronic method for melting snow from streets, run-proof stockings, nonskid tires, concrete that won't crack during temperature changes, an alarm bell that would ring when gas leaks occur in homes, lenses to correct color blindness, a photographic plate that cannot be overexposed, a seamless leather baseball, storage batteries that operate at Arctic temperature, gas turbines reduced to the size and weight of gasoline engines, materials for airplanes to which ice won't adhere, and something chemical, mechanical, electrical or even atomic which would quickly solidify soil to bear the weight of heavy motor vehicles and airplanes prior to the building of regular roads and runways.

When you have uncovered an invention, authorities suggest that you have your plans signed by a notary and two witnesses and then mail them by registered mail to yourself. File the plans unopened. This will prove that you had the idea on a certain day. Find out whether your invention is practical

and profitable. Ask a manufacturer about the invention. Maybe your model should be redesigned. Ask large-store buyers whether your gadget would sell.

So that your invention will get full protection, and to be certain that no duplicate invention is already on the records, a check in the U.S. Patent Office is essential. Swarming with scores of excited inventors and hustling patent attorneys, the search room in the Patent Office is the focal point for all would-be inventors. It contains 320 main classifications, and 50,000 subdivisions. In this room, inventors often have their high hopes dashed when they uncover patents closely resembling their own.

Once you have developed your invention to the patent stage, make an application to the commissioner of patents. File, in the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., a written description of the invention, the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding and using, in clear, full, exact terms. In the case of a machine, you must explain the principle of operation. One set of drawings must be signed by the inventor or his attorney. With some inventions you must be able to furnish a model. All applications must be completed and prepared for the examination within six months after filing. The examination is made by the commissioner of patents.

It is unwise to sell your invention

too quickly, and also to hold it too long. A young, midwestern inventor designed a lock for a freight-car door. Railroad officials offered him \$25,000. He held out for \$150,000. He dickered for a year. He was startled one day to find that another inventor had come up with a wire-and-seal lock. His original invention was now only excess baggage.

Even the policy of bucking tradition brings only headaches for the inventor. A young southerner tried it to his sorrow. He attempted a square hockey puck. It was quickly ruled out. Another inventor saw a fortune in a square doughnut. He was backed heavily, but the round doughnut was unconquerable.

Not all inventors push an idea into a fortune as did Clarence Birdseye. While he ate his dinner in Lab-

rador in 1916, he noticed that the fresh fish had been caught months ago. He learned that they had been instantly frozen after the catch. He worked out the idea and applied it to other foods. His experimenting brought \$22 million in cash and stock from General Foods.

All inventions are not mechanical. Since 1931, the Patent Office has opened its doors to patents on fruits and flowers. Henry F. Bosenberg of New Brunswick, N. J., won patent No. 1 for a climbing rose.

The field is wide open. You might be the inventor in your home. Your idea might bring a fortune and improve living conditions for Americans everywhere. More than \$280 million is paid yearly to inventors of the U. S., many of whom had only one idea.

What Price Baseball

FATHER MARTIN, now pastor of St. Mary's church, Massena, N. Y., once ruled the Canadian-American baseball league as priest-president for eight years. But just after he had been ordained, he took a chance on getting in bad with his pastor by pitching for a semi-pro team. The parish was his first assignment as a priest, and it was poor. He felt that if he could get \$100 a game, the money might help.

He played it cute by playing under an assumed name. But those things get around; finally the pastor heard about it and called Father Martin on the carpet. The young curate was a little worried.

Martin confessed all, how he was getting \$100 a game, how he intended using the money to build a recreation center for kids, how he had other plans for the boys and girls of the parish.

The old pastor heard him out, smiled, and said, "See if they need a first baseman—a \$50 one. I used to play first base in my college days."

Dave Warner in the *St. Joseph Magazine* (Jan. '50).

*Ecuador's most abandoned have their Damien
and their Sister servants*

Lepers See a Movie

By PANCHO VEGA

HAVE made many trips to the leper colony near Quito in Ecuador during the last several years. I always take candy, clothing, and cigarettes to the patients and occasionally give them a free movie show. In poor countries, such as Ecuador, lepers and other confined persons are fortunate to receive bare housing and food with a small amount of medical treatment. Any luxuries, such as smokes for the men and candy for the women, must be donated by private citizens.

It was during one of my movie expeditions to the local leper colony that I met 72-year-old Padre Victor Lemus. The padre is 72 years old in body, a bare 40 in his keen, wide-awake mind. Crippled by necrosis of the foot bones, a common occurrence in leprosy, and forced to use crutches, Padre Lemus still manages to get around. He says Mass daily, hears confessions and consoles his fellow lepers, many of whom are far better off than the aged but sprightly priest.

My assistant and I were setting up our projector and sound equip-

ment in the dining hall of the men's side of the leprosarium. A score or more of the inmates watched us. One of them, a young fellow of 20, spoke up: "*Señor*, please do not think us ungrateful because we do not offer to assist you. We would like to carry your cases and be helpful but it is not right that we touch either yourself or any of your belongings."

"I understand, fellows," I answered, "and I have convinced Madre Maria Luisa (the Mother Superior) that she should allow the girls to join you for this show."

This remark was the occasion for a general outbreak of voices, much good-natured laughter, and smiles all around. In the 50 years of the institution's history, the men and women had never before come together in any kind of festivity. True, on Sundays they occupied the same chapel for Mass, but the women were assigned to one side of the church while the men sat on the other. Conversation was, of course, out of the question. Meanwhile, some of the men scurried away to

tell the rest of the male contingent that the movies would start soon and, glory be, the women were to come and would not be segregated.

As I was starting to thread the first roll of my 16 mm film, I heard a rapid thumping of wood upon wood. Turning, I saw Padre Lemus for the first time, leaning there on his crutches and eyeing me quizzically. I gave him a *Buenos Tardes* and then asked if he was going to see the show.

"*Hola, Señor Gringo*," he answered jovially, and then in a more somber tone, "I wonder if I *can* see it. My eyes are getting to be as bad as my feet of late. Eye lesions, you know, destruction of the nerve supply, fifth and seventh nerves. But they tell me your pictures are with sound and, thanks be, I can still hear well enough."

"O.K., padre," I replied, "you stand here by me while I ride herd on the machine and I'll try to explain anything you don't see clearly. The sound is good and this picture has lots of catchy music."

"Good *gringo*," the padre came back, "I'll take you up on that."

My movie that day was a Spanish-language version of the Ziegfeld Follies, nothing objectionable, with an array of dancing, swimming and humor, plus a frequent change of pace in musical numbers. There were 50-odd present, young and old in varying stages of the disease but all bubbling over with enthusiasm. This was to be the first

movie that many of them had seen in long years. For some it was the first in a lifetime. One man of 70 told me he had entered the colony when it was first opened. He was 20 then and had spent a full 50 years isolated from active life. He had never before seen a moving picture and could hardly restrain himself, he was so eager to see one.

"Let them mix and talk a bit," Padre Lemus said to the Mother Superior. Turning to me, he asked if I minded waiting awhile. "This is the first time they've been together you know, and the afternoon will be happier if we let them sort of get acquainted and enjoy each other's company." For half an hour, two Sisters made introductions, and it was just like old-home week back in the States.

Then the lights were dimmed and the film unrolled to take those people a million miles away from their affliction into a happy make-believe land of fun and joy for two delightful hours. Never have I seen such an appreciative audience, from the cartoon comedy on through the Follies.

Padre Lemus is the living thread of life and hope between the lepers and their "living death." In Carville, La., the sick have radios, movies, stage shows and, of course, the best and latest treatment from physicians and nurses who are highly skilled in the treatment of Hansen's disease, as the ailment is now more widely known in the U.S. But here in South America it is still *leprosy*,

with all that the word implies. No case to date has been genuinely arrested. No leper has ever been properly discharged. For every form of amusement and entertainment the U. S. lepers receive at Carville, Padre Lemus is the Ecuadorian counterpart. The kindly priest is no entertainer; it is only that his spirit, the encouragement he holds out to his fellow lepers, and the consolation they get from him offset the hopelessness of their situation. The aged priest is all over the colony. He jokingly refers to his crutches as his wooden shoes. He hobbles from one group to another; a cheerful smile here, a pat on the back there. He bumps along on his crutches, back and forth from the women's section to the men's, tiny Sister Maria usually trotting along. This young-minded padre and the little woman who has spent 18 years as a Sister of Mercy help those people by bringing, not only sunshine, but much of the actual treatment and dressing of sores to those who are in advanced stages of the disease. Every repulsive characteristic of each inmate is carefully and cleanly bandaged or covered.

Padre Lemus was born in Cuenca, third city of Ecuador. His Church activities have been centered in Portoviejo, near the Pacific coast in the province of Manabi. It was there that the priest contracted his disease, some two decades ago, while helping and working among a small group of lepers. At the time, no lep-

rosarium existed in the vicinity. These sick people had isolated themselves, forming a small village near Portoviejo on a stretch of secluded seacoast. Here they lived, upon charity and by fishing in the Pacific. Naturally, they were shunned.

But Padre Lemus went to them regularly, offering weekly Mass and hearing confessions. He solicited funds for clothing, medicines and food for them. Eventually the priest contracted the disease that made him one of them. He voluntarily came to the Quito leprosarium and spent ten years there, taking treatment. He obtained permission to return to Portoviejo, where he carried on with his work among the coast leper settlement. His illness revived again, stronger than before, and compelled him to go back to Quito, where he has remained and where he will eventually die in harness.

Leprosy is a common disease in India and Africa, but strangely, it generally assumes a mild form in those lands. In the Philippines and South America, leprosy is also found in discouraging numbers but it is usually far more severe in its varied forms. There are two types of leprosy: *neural* and *lepromatous*. The former is relatively mild, with the lesions confined to certain skin areas. In the latter form the disease is both severe and progressive, with widespread lesions in both skin and mucous membranes, and even, to some extent, in the internal organs.

Paradoxically, no type of leprosy is likely to attack the vital organs, and it is for this reason that the afflicted often live for many years.

The ancient Hindu writings of Sushruta Samhita, dated approximately 600 B. C., refer to leprosy, and are credited with being the earliest substantiated records of the disease. Vague references were made in age-old writings of doubtful authenticity in Egypt, China, and from the early Jews.

Leprosy was once common in England and throughout Europe from where it was brought to North and South America by immigrants and African slaves. Northern Brazil is heavily infected now, and there is far too much leprosy scattered throughout the other American republics. The U. S. is by no means immune, although strict quarantine, plus good care and up-to-date med-

ical treatment keeps this "living death" at a low level.

There is no universally accepted opinion how the disease is passed from one person to another, although it is generally agreed that it is, beyond doubt, contagious. Strangely, some people seem to possess a comparative immunity while others bear a penchant for leprosy. Down through the centuries thousands of Catholic priests and nuns have cared for lepers, often when no one else would consent to take the risk involved. Yet, only a handful of those courageous men and women have contracted the disease. The hand of an almighty providence can be seen at work in this regard; yet that same hand, setting an example of patient fortitude, has placed its finger on such truly great characters as Padre Victor Lemus and Father Damien.



Outside Help

A PEASANT had four sons, the story goes. Three were celebrities in Russia—a writer, a cartoonist, and a press photographer. "You must be very proud and happy," a friend said to the old man, "with three such successful sons."

"Oh, but consider the fourth one," the peasant replied. "He lives in the U. S."

"What does he do there?"

"He's unemployed."

"Oh, dear," the friend commiserated, "how sad, how terrible!"

"What do you mean!" cried the peasant. "There's nothing terrible about it. Without his help I'd have starved to death long ago!"

Central California Register (18 Dec. '49).

*You don't change the nature of an act
by changing its name—even when the name is "merciful release"*

Murder Comes to Our Town

By EDWARD DUFF, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

GOFFSTOWN, N. H., is a community much like any small American town. It boasts a hospital—Hillsboro County hospital, an institution as efficient and cheerless as any other public hospital. There, on Dec. 4, 1949, Dr. Hermann S. Sander killed a patient.

Mrs. Abbie Borroto, the 59-year-old wife of an energetic little oil salesman in near-by Manchester, had been treated by Dr. Sander from the time she began to complain that she wasn't feeling well. Dr. Sander, everyone agreed, was a fine doctor, even if he was a little distant. No better surgeon in southern New Hampshire, they said. Something of a local boy in a way, too, even if he was born in Schenectady, N. Y. He had graduated from Dartmouth in 1930. In his senior year he had been the intercollegiate cross-country ski champion. After graduation he had gone to Europe and studied for two years at the University of Munich. That was when Americans were beginning to see in their papers pictures of that noisy little man in the peaked cap and the Charlie Chaplin mustache watching parades of sol-

diers in trench coats. Nine years and two days before Dr. Sander last attended Mrs. Borroto, a committee of cardinals in Rome passed judgment on the official, wholesale murder of patients in German insane asylums, a policy the little man with the Charlie Chaplin mustache had fostered to improve the racial stock of his people. With the Holy Father approving and confirming the reply, the Congregation of the Holy Office had asserted that such action is "against the natural law and the divine positive law." At the end of Hitler's mad career, the doctors—some, doubtless, from the University of Munich—were tried at Nuremberg. They protested that they were clinicians, not moralists. The shocked conscience of the world shuddered at the excuse. They were condemned.

Mrs. Borroto continued to lose weight. Dr. Sander's inexorable diagnosis was generalized abdominal cancer. He had her moved to the county hospital, where her death was expected week by week, day by day. Mrs. Borroto's husband and three brothers agonized with her,

and prayed that God would relieve her suffering. On Sunday, Dec. 4, her death was thought to be only a matter of hours.

Dr. Sander turned from the bedside of the woman shrunk and sodden with cancer, and quietly asked Miss Elizabeth Rose, the assisting nurse, for a syringe. The nurse did not notice that the doctor put nothing—neither morphia nor medication—in the syringe. Dr. Sander was a competent physician with no time for small talk. He passed the instrument back without a word. Four times he had punctured Mrs. Borroto's wasted arm. Four times the moving plunger had forced into her veins bubbles of air that fluttered up the blood stream and blocked her heart. In ten minutes Mrs. Borroto was dead.

Dr. Sander stopped at the hospital office and made out the death certificate. Mrs. Borroto, he wrote, died of "carcinoma of the large bowel and metastasis of the liver." To Miss Josephine Connor, the record librarian, he dictated the conclusion of the medical history. He scrupulously noted an injection of "10 cc. of air." Then he returned to his office in Manchester and stopped to see other patients on his way home to Candia.

On Thursday, Dec. 29, in a routine staff review of recent cases, the curious air injection noted on Mrs. Borroto's record was challenged. The chairman of the hospital board reported the case to the county med-

ical referee, Robert E. Biron, who summoned William H. Craig, the county solicitor, and Thomas J. O'Brien, the sheriff. When he arrived to see his patients at the county hospital, Dr. Sander was questioned. He immediately acknowledged that he had given the air injection, protesting only that he did it "as an act of mercy." He added that he had "no regrets." Arraignment at the home of Municipal Court Judge Alfred Poor for "feloniously and wilfully and of malice aforethought, killing and murdering Mrs. Abbie Borroto" promptly followed. Prominent figures in the community came to Dr. Sander's defense, testifying to his integrity. The next day he returned to his practice, freed on bail of \$25,000.

On Sunday, which was New Year's Day, Dr. Sander and his family attended services at the Candia Congregational church. They heard Revd. C. Leslie Curtis, the minister, urge, "Let us have the courage to act if it benefits humanity." In the face of Dr. Sander's admission of what he termed a "charitable act" in depriving Mrs. Borroto of her life, the Reverend Mr. Curtis was obviously advising that the killing of those deemed by doctors to be incurably sick is a courageous act benefiting humanity. How benefiting humanity outweighs God's clear commandment against murder, he did not indicate. In a radio broadcast that same Sunday, Revd. Mark B. Strickland of Manchester's First

Congregational church took his stand beside Dr. Sander. "If this man is felonious," he declared, "then so am I, for I have desired the time of suffering to be short and I have wanted natural and unaided courses to bring relief in death." The logic of the Reverend Mr. Strickland's self-blame is even stranger than the argument of his brother minister. How the human hope, expressed in prayer, that God will mercifully grant surcease from pain to the sufferer and quickly call the soul to Himself can be confused with the deliberate, direct invasion of God's total ownership of man defies imagining.

Also active in Manchester that Sunday was Mrs. Robertson Jones, executive vice-president of the Euthanasia Society of America. Mrs. Jones hurried up from New York, confident that Dr. Sander's splendid reputation and the pitiable aspects of Mrs. Borroto's final illness would dramatize the cause of "mercy murder." A conference with three ministers, two doctors, and three women civic leaders persuaded her to postpone her plans for a mass meeting. "I'm coming back after the trial," Mrs. Jones announced. "This is absolutely the best case yet for our cause. It is good because of the doctor's integrity and because he didn't hide what he had done."

If you decide to visit the offices of the Euthanasia Society of America, at 38 E. 65th St., New York City, to learn about "the cause," you will

be directed to the basement flat of Mrs. Gertrude Anne Edwards, editor of the Euthanasia society *Bulletin*. Mrs. Edwards will be glad to explain "the cause" to you. The preferred phrase for the legalized murder the society promotes, you will learn, is "merciful release." Indeed, there is a brochure with that title that sums up the case for voluntary euthanasia.

All objections are anticipated or explained away. Should you object that euthanasia is murder, the answer is ready at hand. Murder is the illegal killing of another. When proper legislation is passed, it will not be illegal to administer euthanasia. "Therefore it is not murder."

If you have a religiously primitive mind and recall the Biblical command "Thou shalt not kill," the answer is promptly given. "Those who justify war and capital punishment (as the Christian Church has done through all the ages) cannot reasonably condemn euthanasia on this ground." This simply ignores what the Christian Church has consistently taught. Capital punishment is a penalty for crime, a way to protect society from a dangerous criminal, and a deterrent to other possible criminals. The criminal forfeits his rights as a person by voluntarily withdrawing from the rational order of society and thus subjects himself to the death penalty. War, to be morally defensible, must be in self-defense.

A short rebuttal is offered to the

objection of the traditional teaching that God reserves to Himself the right to decide the moment at which life shall cease. The devastating reply reads, "Then it would also be wrong to lengthen life." Such logic would allow a tenant who may, by the terms of a lease, rearrange the furniture in a furnished apartment to burn the building down.

It is appalling to find professional spiritual leaders espousing mercy killing. Have they forgotten that man, put into life for the purpose of serving God, deliberately removes by such suicide or murder the fundamental condition of all obedience and service to God, namely, human life itself? Or do they somehow think that physical discomfort annuls the lease on life we have from God, canceling the cross from Christianity? Last year more than 400 clergymen lent their names to a petition to the New York legislature favoring legalized mercy killing.

The brochure *Merciful Release* brazenly acknowledges a terrifying totalitarian philosophy as it encounters the objection that the aims of the movement are too restricted, that compulsory euthanasia should be sought "for all who are a burden to themselves and the community (including mental defectives and others incapable of consent) rather than merely for sufferers who themselves ask for euthanasia."

With the ashes of Auschwitz still fertilizing Poland's soil, this monstrous explanation is offered: "The

American and English Euthanasia societies, after careful consideration, have decided that more will be accomplished by devoting their efforts to voluntary euthanasia. To take someone's life is a very different thing from granting him release from unnecessary suffering at his own expense. The freedom of the individual is highly prized in democracies."

In other words, the euthanasiacs, in pushing for voluntary euthanasia, are merely biding their time, waiting until democracies which once prized freedom can be sold the idea that benefiting humanity by ridding it of retrograde individuals is the ultimate goal of human endeavor. Will Nineteen Eighty-Four be the date?

The date has been postponed in the interest of "the cause." In 1936 Revd. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, founder of the euthanasia organization, advocated lethal chambers for incurable imbeciles. Planned-murder advocates are more discreet these days. Thus Dr. Howard Wilcox Haggard of Yale delivered an address at New York Town Hall on March 3, 1949. By 1960, the doctor pointed out, something like one-sixth of our population will be 60 years old or over. "Each year, each day, our hospital facilities and all others for the care of the ill," he complained, "are more and more taxed to provide aid for those whose stay in bed will not be a week or a month but perhaps many months,

and for whom there is no chance of recovery." Dr. Haggard has a simple solution—euthanasia.

The doctor is the key man in the euthanasia "cause." The society boasts that 3,272 physicians in New York State have gone on record in favor of legalizing euthanasia. From England came a petition from Britain's Euthanasia society urging the UN to include the right to "mercy death" in the Declaration of Human Rights. At the same time, Dr. Killick Millard, secretary of the society, expressed his delight over what the Sander case meant to "the cause."

Organized medicine was cautious in its comments. While Dr. John F. Conlin, director of information for the Massachusetts Medical society, was forthright in his condemnation, Dr. John P. Bowler, president of the New Hampshire Medical society, promised he would issue a statement at the proper time. Dr. John F. Wheeler, secretary of the state Board of Registry in Medicine, was undisturbed on learning that Dr. Sander had resumed his practice. "No action is contemplated," he said, "and none will be taken, so far as the board is concerned, unless the man is found guilty following a trial." After the attorney general had stipulated that Dr. Sander must re-

frain from practice while under indictment, Dr. Wheeler announced that a hearing of his board would be held on Jan. 18 to consider revocation of Dr. Sander's state medical license.

The present general manager of the AMA, Dr. George F. Lull, called Dr. Sander's action a violation of the doctors' Oath of Hippocrates, which includes the pledge: "To please no one will I prescribe a deadly drug or give advice which may cause death." Yet the Euthanasia society was able to circulate extracts from an article by Dr. George B. Lake, reprinted from *Clinical Medicine*, arguing that, "Most physicians of wide experience have at one time or another been brave enough to risk a trial, and possible conviction, on such a charge by conferring the bliss of death upon a hopeless sufferer."

The Sander case is challenging American medicine to make up its mind on mercy killing. Despite a widespread sympathy for the plight of Dr. Sander's attractive family, Americans who believe in God and fundamental decency are going to be asking that doctors and medical societies take a stand against euthanasia and those who advocate it. And they will be impatiently awaiting an answer.



PRAAYER for the scrupulous: Lord, teach me to speak and pray with fewer parentheses.

John McNellis, S.J.

Connecticut city finds pickin' chicken
a better deal than picket lines

Strikes Settled While You Eat

By JULES ARCHER

Condensed from *This Week Magazine**



THE theory around Stamford, Conn., is that the way to a man's reason is through his stomach. Twice monthly at Hugo's restaurant labor and capital break bread together, at \$2.50 a plate, as representatives of the three major unions and the leading industries in town. With them, voting equally on issues involving Stamford's Labor-Management-Citizens committee, are five representatives of the public: Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and Negro clergymen and an educator.

Thirty-five years ago Stamford was pretty much an open-shop town and proud of it. "Labor trouble and Stamford are strangers," boasted the Board of Trade prospectus. "Trouble between employee and employer is practically unknown. Common labor may be had from \$1.50 to \$2.25 a day."

Firms like American Cyanamid Co., Conde Nast, Electrolux Corp., Pitney-Bowes, Inc., and Schick, Inc., moved in to become neighbors of

the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., a Stamford fixture since 1868. The town grew until it supported six banks and had 22,000 employed.

Suddenly, trouble flared in 1945 over the closed-shop issue. The International Association of Machinists went on strike against Yale & Towne. The fight was long and bitter, lasting five months. The banks were kept busy cashing workers' war bonds. Then all of Stamford was plunged into an uproar when the CIO and the AFL called a one-day sympathy strike in support of the IAM.

Badly shaken, members of the Stamford-Greenwich Manufacturers council decided they couldn't afford such an expensive brand of labor relations. Walter Wheeler, head of Pitney-Bowes and then council president, took the lead in knocking down the spite fences that kept management, labor, and the public from being good neighbors.

Why not, he suggested to Johnny Hinman, representative of the

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International Typographical union, set up a labor-management council to keep bosses and workers from rushing to the barricades? It made sense to Hinman and other local labor leaders. That was the origin of the Stamford plan for kicking problems and grievances around a dinner table while they were still in the infant stage and could be settled or compromised easily.

The rank and file of Stamford labor were suspicious. They sensed a subtle trap. Warily, they sent their representatives to the dinners to see what was cooking, but only in an unofficial capacity. The meetings were relatively small; now they draw 50 members. Under the influence of Hugo's cooking and impressed by the cards-on-the-table attitude of management representatives, labor representatives relaxed. And when they did, so did the industrialists and public members.

The first chord of agreement at the dinners was recognition by all three groups that Stamford would get industrial peace through local cooperation rather than national policymaking. Secondly, all agreed that frank discussion would do the job a lot better than mutual blustering. Both labor and management representatives used the dinners as an opportunity to sound each other out.

Labor men privately exulted that they were giving management a liberal education. Management was pleased that labor was getting a

The Pope Pointed the Way

UNLESS human society forms a truly social and organic body . . . unless the various forms of human endeavor, dependent one upon the other, are united in mutual harmony and mutual support; unless, above all, brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil cannot produce due fruit. . . . Let employers and employed join in their plans and efforts to overcome all difficulties and obstacles, and let them be aided in this wholesome endeavor by the wise measures of the public authority. . . . Now this is the primary duty of the state and of all good citizens: to abolish conflict between classes with divergent interests. . . . Since the present economic regime is based mainly upon capital and labor, it follows that the principles of right reason and Christian social philosophy regarding capital, labor, and their mutual cooperation must be accepted in theory and reduced to practice.

From *Quadragesimo Anno* by Pope Pius XI (15 May '31).

"better understanding of management problems." Both were right.

With better understanding came bonds of personal friendship that cut across lines of color, religion, politics and economic convictions. Best of all, these friendships were not left behind with the napkins.

The first real test of the commit-

tee's efficiency came in 1947, when the time rolled around for new wage negotiations between Yale & Towne and the IAM. Pessimists, remembering the holocaust of the previous year, feared the worst.

The two principals in the negotiations were Weldon P. Monson, Yale & Towne's industrial-relations director, and Dave Adam, business agent of the union. They had dined together regularly at Hugo's for almost a year. Hugo's chef took personal credit when they announced the happy news that a peaceful settlement had been reached.

Again, the Taft-Hartley act made one labor leader apprehensive that his opposite number might be inspired to start union-busting tactics. He was definitely relieved to hear a public assurance, delivered over a bowl of salad, that the industrialist had absolutely no intention of booting the union around.

On the other side of the fence were the industrialists' fears of union trouble when the CIO made accusations of black-listing. Sam Capoli, president of the Gas, Coke and Chemical Workers, District 1, charged that two active workers of his union had been discriminated against by Stamford companies. A subcommittee composed of labor, management, and public members was promptly appointed to investigate. It reported unanimously at the next dinner meeting that the charges were without foundation, though there was evidence of "honest con-

fusion and misunderstanding." The CIO peacefully accepted the report.

Although the committee is made up of three groups with conflicting interests, it has nevertheless won an enviable record for impartiality. Recently the CIO requested the committee to count union cards at the Masterset Brushes plant and certify whether or not the CIO had a majority of workers. The committee certified that 82% of the workers were members of the CIO. Joseph Schick, president of Masterset, promptly acknowledged the report, thanked the committee, and recognized the CIO as bargaining agent.

Despite the committee's accomplishments, a survey made in Stamford showed that all too few of its citizens knew what it was doing. The committee decided it was time for a little horn-tooting. Father James A. Lord, of St. Mary's Catholic church, arranged with Julian Schwartz, manager of WSTC, to broadcast a committee forum once a month. The first broadcast, with the Revd. I. Logan Kears, a Negro clergyman, as moderator, aroused immediate interest.

A healthy sign is that new faces are constantly showing up on the committee to replace older members forced to retire because of the pressure of private work. The turnover gives more representatives of Stamford labor, management, and public a chance to lift a fork at the dinners.

The toughest blow the committee suffered was the withdrawal, a few

months back, of the IAM. This independent union had never quite got over the bitterness aroused by its previous trouble with Yale & Towne. The IAM charged that information gathered at the dinners had been used against labor leaders when negotiating contracts, and that any labor man accepting a free meal from the committee was suspect.

Neither the CIO nor the AFL knew of any instance in which this charge could be justified. Just the same, they decided it would be wiser to remove any "patronage" aspect from the dinners. Under the new plan, unions now share the expenses of the committee, including costs of the dinners. Labor men on the committee are chosen directly by their unions, instead of by other members of the committee. When those changes were made, the IAM agreed to sit down at the table again.

In 1948 negotiations, the IAM won a 4½¢ to 10¢-an-hour raise and a contract renewal for two years. Both the union and Yale & Towne

prophesied an era of good management-labor relations.

The era actually dates from the first dinner meeting at Hugo's. Since then, there has been only one strike of any consequence, and it ended in committee triumph. After a deadlock between the Baer Brothers paint plant and the Gas, Coke and Chemical union, CIO, the union went on strike for 23 days. Federal and state mediators attempted to bring about agreement, without success. Then the regional CIO director called on Walter Raleigh, executive secretary of the L-M-C committee. A subcommittee answered the call immediately. Less than three hours later, a satisfactory contract was signed.

Stamford's Labor-Management-Citizens committee isn't perfect. With only three birthdays behind it, it makes occasional mistakes. It sometimes riles tempers. It isn't strong enough to suit some members. But it's growing with every dinner at Hugo's.



No Absolution

A PRIEST, driving into town, passed through a red light. As luck would have it, a cop saw him. The policeman came up, pulled out his ticket book, and, in due course, handed one to the priest. On the ticket he had printed, "For your penance, say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys."

The Scapular News (Feb. '50).



*It's a grand and glorious feeling to be judged
strictly on what you can do*

U.S. Negroes Wow Norwegians

By JAY CARMODY

TWENTY-ONE drama students of Howard university, of Washington, D.C., with three faculty members, went abroad last fall to play to Scandinavian audiences. They retraced most of the dark red footsteps of Paul Robeson, and erased the impression of bitter political frustration he left.

Between players and audience for 88 days in 14 cities, heart reached out to heart in the simplest language of fellowship. The U.S. Department of State and the Norwegian Foreign Office were involved, but remotely, as agencies merely helping people to get together. They would between them build an arch of brotherhood on two of the great clichés of bigotry, Nordic White and American Black.

It was a strange venture in modern diplomacy, but singularly rich in its results. It was the effect of an accident. Washington, including the still starry-eyed Negro actors and their teachers, is delightfully surprised that the thing could happen.

It began in the fall of 1948. Pass-

ing through Washington then was a Norwegian actor who heard that the Howard University Players were doing Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. The play was only in rehearsal, and he was forced to leave before opening-night. Back in New York he ran across a fellow countryman, Fredrik Hausland, president of the Norwegian merchant marine.

The theater in Norway is part of life, something that grows out of the good earth. It belongs to labor leaders and other laymen as well as actors and playwrights.

The two Norwegians talked of the Howard project, and when the labor leader arrived in Washington he found it the only play running in the national capital.

After the performance he sought out Dr. Anne Cook, Yale Ph.D. of the university drama faculty, who had directed the play.

The author is the distinguished drama critic of the *Evening Star* of Washington, D. C. He was formerly managing editor of the *Washington Daily News*, and a nationally syndicated columnist.

"Norway would like to see your Ibsen," the visitor told her.

Dr. Cook, who likes a politeness, thought this was one of the most gracious she had ever heard. She went right on being pleased with the Norwegian's graciousness through subsequent talk, and went right on disbelieving it even when the visitor said she would hear more from him. "Coals to Newcastle," she thought.

Her thinking changed, however, when out of a clear sky the Norwegian embassy suddenly asked for a press book on the drama school's work, recordings of voices, pictures of its stage settings, and reviews of its previous productions.

"The project was suddenly incredibly real," she says, "and in 48 hours we had everything ready." Actually, six months passed with no further action. But international machinery does move, however slowly, and one spring day in 1949 the official invitation came. Could the Howard players open the fall season, play a two-months tour not only in Norway, but in Sweden and Denmark? Could they do not only *The Wild Duck* but also an American play, say one in the Negro idiom (which turned out to be *Mamba's Daughters*)?

They could.

Their arrival in Bergen was a national event. The astounded amateurs were met by representatives of the government, the diplomatic corps, the press and radio. But Drs.

Cook and Owen Dodson, plus Dr. James W. Butcher, the third faculty member, did not let their young charges forget the work to come. The more mature members of the party, familiar with the deep roots of the theater in European countries, knew what they had to live up to.

Here was the spirit of festival on a countrywide scale, international in its ultimate reach into Sweden and Denmark. About it was the folk flavor, kindness and generosity and simple humanity of the Scandinavian culture. Being Negroes, the American visitors could understand something of this folk spirit, but could not be expected to catch it perfectly and at once.

They were absorbed into another national life. Everyone wanted to see them in the theater and afterward; and it finally was 11 weeks before hardy youngsters were again to know the sheer delight of sufficient sleep. This was an incredible hospitality, especially to those who have learned to think of kindness in the limited terms of class.

First of the 70 performances during the 88 days was that given in Bergen. It was to be a revelation to the ecstatic American youngsters in many ways. And, of course, to their teachers, who are as young in heart if older and wiser in mind and experience.

Here was an audience deeply wise, feeling theater as part of a culture old, continuous, and aware of the earth from which it is sprung.

Here was drama as an art, not a sophisticated commerce of entertainment, as at home. Here was a theater less than half the size of the average house in any large American city.

About it all lay an intimacy for which nothing could prepare American players except this crucial first night itself. But outside the Nye theater, the red lantern was hanging, signifying that the house was full.

The performance was a triumph, the first of six red-lantern attendances in Bergen and six more in Stavanger in the following week, the third week of September.

Now, the Howard Players were launched, most elatedly, in the words of Herbrand Lavik, critic of Bergen's *Tidendes* and a lion among the professional critics of Norway. Lavik, a giant in his profession, is close to being the players' favorite Norwegian.

Dr. Cook, who directed *The Wild Duck*, is least likely to forget him. The morning following the group's first performance Lavik gave her a whole new conception of critics and hospitality. It came in the form of a phone call from Lavik, once a newspaperman in San Francisco.

"I'd like," he said after the preliminaries, "if you would not read my review until I can be there to translate it myself. Some of the things I said might need explanation: you know, the differences in language, and so on."

"He came over," Dr. Cook recalls, "and typed out the review in English. I can tell you I was full of qualms when I saw that it began to the effect that our *Wild Duck* was like nothing he had ever seen of Ibsen's great play. But it was all right when he went on from there to say that he was delighted with the different interpretation that he did see.

"It was honest, too, for Lavik is an artist with integrity. In a way—reflecting his honesty as nothing else can—he feels that Ibsen is too much of a playwright to have been born in so small a country as Norway; that he has had too much of an influence upon succeeding playwrights and the theater in his native country."

Bergen and Stavanger in the first fortnight taught the Howard Players that Norwegians were warm and broad-minded toward an alien interpretation of their titan of the drama.

Nevertheless, their first night at Oslo's State Theater was even more of a test. Here was Ibsen's very home, his theater. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess, the diplomatic corps and the elite of society, the press, and the most testing of all audiences was assembled. Here for decades *The Wild Duck* was played by a sacred ritual which governed every gesture and smallest property on the sets.

The American version was all at once a seemingly wildly free trans-

lation, but except for one small detail the host theater and its audience were completely ready for just this.

"They did ask," Dr. Cook recalls, "that we move one chair entirely off the stage until the opening lines were spoken."

The warmth of the welcome put the visitors at ease before the curtain went up. Again, as at Bergen, the performance was a triumph, climaxed by the Crown Prince's assurance to Dr. Cook that "You have nothing to worry about."

Before they left Oslo, the Howard Players were guests of the State Theater's courtesy production of *The Wild Duck*, an experience they will never forget.

It was *Mamba's Daughters* that the touring American players presented oftenest, quite logically, in the 14 cities they visited. That play, in their own idiom, was given 54 times, as against 16 performances of the Ibsen classic.

They were enormously pleased with its reception everywhere not only by audiences but by the professional critics. The highest of all praise, and the most heartening evidence of the total lack of prejudice among the Scandinavians, was the constantly reiterated observation that *Mamba's Daughters* could have been a Norwegian play. Or Danish or Swedish. Not white nor colored, as here, but national in its meaning and belonging to the total culture.

For the entire period spent in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, life was continuously "open-house." Every home was open to them and they returned the generosity by maintaining open back-stage to the audiences.

The Howard Players went into Germany, too, where they were also well received, but where a more repressed people was more reserved in its expression of enthusiasm.

Their trip gave them so much that it will take a long time for them to evaluate it. They already know, however, of the possibility of a heretofore undreamed of fellowship, a brotherhood that has nothing to do with skin color.

They have a new sense of theater as something belonging to all the people, a folk art that runs deep and wise through a culture and not something reserved to the sophisticated. They have come back less Broadway-minded and more anxious to teach, write, act, and produce a theater that belongs to a whole nation.

They feel more deeply American for their chance to serve their country as ambassadors of good will, and they feel beyond expression a gratitude to their Scandinavian hosts for making this possible.

And they are as proud as any American youngsters would be for an achievement that enlarges understanding, their own and others.

*Jeers, tears, cheers, and a lot of hard work
all come with being the best in the business*

Mikan: Mr. Basketball

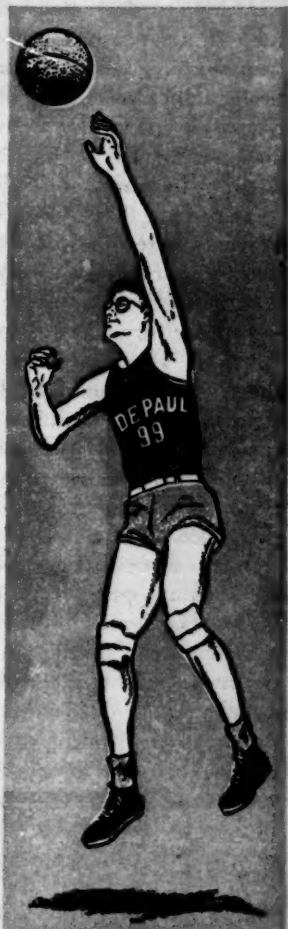
By GORDON ATKINS

Condensed from the *Open Road for Boys**

SIX-FOOT-TEN, bespectacled George Mikan is the greatest scorer in basketball history. Last winter, his first in the hoop game's major league, he rewrote the record book. In 60 tough National Basketball League contests, the big fellow dunked the leather sphere to the tune of 28.3 points per outing, thus setting an all-time pro scoring mark of 1,689 points. In one game against the Baltimore Bullets, he registered 53 tallies on 17 field goals and 19 charity heaves. This year he is continuing his hot pace. On Jan. 14, Mikan pitched in 51 points for a new National Basketball association single-game record. At DePaul, tall George was a two-time All-American and was acclaimed the greatest center in hoop history.

Mikan is collecting the highest salary ever paid a basketball player, nearly \$20,000. And he earns it. Some 19,300 fans jammed the Chicago Stadium one night last winter to watch him play a mere exhibition game against the College All-Stars.

Strange to say, George never played high-school basketball. You see, his first ambition was to be a priest. Toward that end, he enrolled at the Quigley Preparatory seminary in Chicago, 50 miles from his home in Joliet, Ill. Five days a week, he made the round trip (100 miles) by bus. That left no time for school-boy basketball; and anyhow, George was having trouble with his Greek. In fact, he never



*McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, January, 1950.

did master it—one of the reasons he gave up the idea of being a priest. For exercise, he took to playing a little basketball at the Joliet CYO.

By the time he graduated from Quigley, George was 6' 8" tall and shot the scales to a mere 240 pounds. George's parents had decided to send all their sons, Joe, George and Ed, to college. George decided to enroll at DePaul university in Chicago.

When the call for basketball candidates was posted, George couldn't resist. Coach Ray Meyer was about to commence his coaching career at DePaul. He handed George a training schedule that would have put to shame the army's toughest first sergeant. Three hours a day, five days a week, for six long weeks, big George kept at it. He skipped rope, performed calisthenics that strained every muscle, stationed himself beneath the baskets and took 500 shots with each hand, skipped rope some more, and wound up each session by dashing a few country miles around the gymnasium.

When the '42-'43 campaign got under way, George was all set—he thought. The Purdue game in the Chicago Stadium, his first big test, taught him two great lessons. Bill Menke, the Boilermakers' left-handed center, practically fainted big George out of the stadium. Coach Meyer corrected that. He instructed Mikan never again to make a move while playing a pivot man on defense "until you see the white of his

eyes." And tall George never did. The other lesson required no teacher. Before the game, Mikan had devoured a "light" lunch consisting of several hot dogs and hamburgers—with the inevitable result.

DePaul won 19 of 24 games that season as Mikan scored 217 points. The famous Kentucky Wildcats, among the top-ranking five, were conquered. In that upset, Mikan played a prominent part. In fact, he rewrote the rule book.

He stationed himself beneath the Kentucky hoop whenever the Blue Grass State lads had the ball. As their field-goal attempts neared the hoop, he reached up and slapped the ball away. He performed this tantalizing feat so often and with such remarkable ease that Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp nearly went out of his mind. Not long afterwards, a new rule appeared in the basketball code forbidding a player to interfere with the ball "on its downward flight toward the basket."

In Mikan's second year at DePaul, he racked up 486 points while leading his mates to 24 wins in 29 starts. One of their outstanding triumphs that winter broke Western Kentucky's 22-game winning streak.

It was in this contest that George proved beyond any doubt that he was no "freak"; that he was not to be compared with the increasing number of beanstalks wearing basketball shorts. George went after a loose ball, slipped, and shattered his

glasses. He left the game for repairs. While he was gone, the opposition quickly closed the gap and were threatening to take the decision. When Mikan returned from the dressing room and glanced at the score, he raced into action. Thirteen quick points saved the game for the Demons. Then he returned to the dressing room, where a physician took six stitches in his face. Since then, George has worn unbreakable glasses.

His junior year netted Gangling George 558 points in 24 games, of which DePaul lost only three. It was the following spring that the name of George Mikan, pitcher, began creeping into prominence in amateur baseball circles in Illinois. Out of a long tangle of legs and arms he was hurling a horsehide from the pitcher's slab that his catcher could not look at twice to see. He fanned 21 batters in one game, and had the major-league scouts wild. Frankie Frisch, then managing the Pittsburgh Pirates, offered George everything but Forbes Field to sign a contract. But there was a hitch, and even Forbes Field couldn't have soothed George on that one. Frisch's contract called for Mikan to give up basketball!

Big George turned down the offer, but quick. Basketball was his first and true love.

The big lad's last year at DePaul was his greatest. He led the Demons to National Invitation tournament championship in New York; fin-

ished his collegiate career with a total of 1,870 points—the most ever scored by a major-college hoopster; set five tournament scoring marks that remain to this day untarnished; and cried for the first time over a basketball game.

Against Rhode Island State in the Madison Square Garden postseason affair, Mikan astonished the mob with 53 points. This was the same number tallied by the entire New England squad. His 21 field goals and 11 foul points in that game also were tourney records. However, the latter mark was tied in 1948 in the same tournament by, of all people, George's younger brother, Ed, a later-day DePaul standby. George's other records were 120 points scored in three championship contests, and 49 field goals in the same games.

Such record-shattering performances would warm the heart of the ordinary athlete, but to Mikan they were almost routine. He names his feat against Ohio State, the Big Nine titleholders, that same winter as his No. 1 thrill.

The Buckeyes fought DePaul right down the wire in a blood-curdling clash and tied the score as regulation time ended. In the overtime which followed, George took six shots at the hoop and all clicked. The Buckeyes were frozen by Mikan's deadly accuracy.

One of those strange things which occasionally crop up in sports made its appearance in Chicago during Mikan's playing at DePaul. Chicago

fans didn't like the Demons, especially George Mikan.

The squad was composed entirely of home-town boys. But the Windy City customers not only rooted against them, but almost booed them off the floor every time the Demons made their appearance. Nothing Mikan could do would change their attitude. The catcalls sent George's way became so abusive that impartial critics wondered what saved him from emotional collapse. Then came Mikan's last appearance in a DePaul uniform. It was then that this strapping big man broke down and cried.

Notre Dame was to provide the opposition. A few days before the game, a Chicago sportswriter wrote that Chicago basketball fans should at least recognize George Mikan for what he was: one of the all-time greats of the court. "Let's make George's final game a 'Be Kind to Mikan Night,'" he said.

The stadium was sold out hours before starting time. More than 22,000 hoop fanatics, with lunches and reading matter under their arms, filed into the big hall to undo their great wrong. When George led the Demons onto the court, the mob arose as one and nearly raised the roof. They stamped their feet on the seats, set off firecrackers, showered the court with torn newspapers, and applauded him wildly for more than five minutes.

With tears streaming down his face, Mikan tore into the Fighting

Irish. In less time than it takes to tell about it, he scored 21 points, and finished the night with 52. His defensive play under the baskets was so terrific that Notre Dame touched the ball only three times on the offensive board. "I was so happy that night," says George, "I cried myself to sleep."

During Mikan's four years of play, DePaul rose to the ranks of the basketball elites. Their 83 victories against 18 defeats was one of the very best records in the country. George's average was an unbelievable 18.5 points per game in 101 clashes with the strongest opposition ever known to intercollegiate basketball.

Was, and is, George Mikan a team man? Someone put that question to Gene Stumpf, a DePaul teammate.

Gene glared. "Listen," he said, "there never was a better one than George Mikan. Sure, he was a big star, and people always wonder that about the top scorers. We fellows respected his tremendous ability. We used to say to ourselves, 'Now what are we batting our brains out for trying to score when all we got to do is get the ball to George?'"

Dunking a ball into a metal hoop only 10 feet above the floor level is scarcely a good stretch for Gangling George, and he does it plenty. But he is considerably more than a great scorer. Some of the nation's best-qualified hoop experts say he is "the best all-round basketball player."

He shoots equally well with either hand, and tips in rebounds with simple ease. Few players in basketball, pro or otherwise, can break any faster offensively. Under the defensive basket, he is harder to move than the Rock of Gibraltar, and he is without equal when it comes to picking up free cutters coming past the pivot. His large hands and powerfully strong wrists give him a control over the ball that makes it all look ridiculously easy.

It was no wonder then that when Mikan graduated from DePaul he was offered the biggest salary ever paid a basketball player. The Chicago Bears of the National Basketball league signed him to a five-year contract calling for \$60,000. However, George didn't get the opportunity to fulfill the agreement. The Bears shortly afterwards withdrew from the National Basketball league to join a new circuit, which was soon to disband.

Meanwhile, the much discussed Detroit franchise of the National Basketball league had been bought up by a Minneapolis theater owner and transferred to Minneapolis. As Mikan was then somewhat of a free agent, the league officials awarded him to Minneapolis and the panic was on.

Named the Lakers by the new owner, the team began to win game after game. Although it numbered among its personnel such stalwarts as Jim Pollard of Stanford, Jack Dwan of Loyola, and Herman

Schaeffer of Indiana, it was no secret that the Mighty Mikan was chiefly responsible for the upsurge. Capacity crowds became the rule rather than the exception. Fans followed Mikan on the streets and often kept him on the court giving autographs for half an hour after a game. The Lakers, almost overnight, captured the city.

Mikan & Co. won the National Basketball league championship. Gangling George personally took care of the scoring honors, with 1,195 points in 56 games. In the poll to choose the circuit's most valuable player, Big George received 240 votes—out of 240.

Last winter, the bigger Basketball Association of America, the game's major league, reorganized to include the popular Minneapolis Lakers. The National league quite naturally didn't relish the idea of losing Mikan's terrific drawing power. One of its owners offered him \$25,000 to jump his contract with the Lakers and remain the darling of National league fans. But George said No.

The Minneapolis Lakers proved the greatest drawing card in the Basketball Association of America, recently renamed the National Basketball association. Mikan drew record mobs in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, and other large cities in the circuit. In that game against the Baltimore Bullets, his 53 points equaled his best collegiate mark. At the same time he led the Lakers

to a sensational and record-shattering 115 to 114 triumph in double overtime.

They have tried everything in the book to halt Mikan's steady march, but to no avail. One night the Boston Celtics put four players on tall George and then challenged him to "do something about it." He did. The big one passed, shot and dribbled the quartet out of wind, and soon had the Lakers in such a commanding lead that Coach Doggie Julian of the Beantowners called the whole thing off.

One of the highlights of the BAA's campaign last winter was the duel for scoring honors between Mikan and the Philadelphia Warriors' great Joe Fulks. He is the lad who only a year before had won basketball immortality by setting a new professional scoring mark of 1,398 points in a single season's play. Fans then were satisfied that the peak had been reached, and hailed the slender Fulks as the hoop wonder of the century.

Imagine, then, their surprise when Big George wandered into their midst and proceeded to wipe Fulks' record from the books, topping it by exactly 300 points! Fulks, a versatile hoopster by every yardstick of measurement, gained some solace, however, by upping his own mark to 1,560 points and splitting the cords with 63 points in one game, against Indianapolis on Feb. 10.

Just as they had done their first year in the National league, the sen-

sational Lakers annexed the championship their first campaign in the BAA by taking the play-off series with the Washington Capitols, Eastern Division winners, four games to two.

The sharp-passing Capitols played their heads off in the first three games, yet dropped all three decisions. It was a great team against a good one. Then ill fortune stepped in. Mikan broke his wrist. With their key man crippled, the Lakers staggered, and the Capitols came on with a rush. They won the fourth and fifth games of the series handily.

"Too bad," echoed the sportswriters, "Washington will take it now."

But the scribblers didn't know their Mikan. The big boy sought out a physician, and said, "Put the best possible cast on that wrist, because I'm gonna play some basketball tomorrow night."

The next evening, George took his usual place in the starting lineup. The fans thought his appearance was merely to lift the Lakers psychologically. Five minutes after the officials had tossed up the first ball, Mikan was playing as though nothing ailed him, let alone a completely broken wrist. He was dumping in field goals in his accustomed style, breaking up the Capitol's plays around the defensive board, and generally making the usual nuisance of himself. Washington never recovered from the shock, and Mikan & Co. waltzed away with a 77 to 56 decision and the championship.

After the game, George was laughing in the Lakers' dressing quarters. "Reminds me," he said, "of the time when I was playing for the Joliet CYO and went up to Waukegan for a game with St. Ann's. The referee's opening whistle no sooner let up than I stepped on a

loose ball and injured my leg. I was hauled home in a delivery truck. Next morning our doctor came. He fussed around for about ten minutes, then looked at my mother and said, 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Mikan, but George'll never play basketball again.'"



Flights of Fancy



Spilled magnificence of his verbal wine.—*Francis B. Thornton.*

Locusts fry their music in the sycamores.—*Thomas Merton.*

Cat sleeping with loose ends all tucked in.—*Leo Henkin.*

The bus groaned to a stop and shook the passengers out.—*Susanne Klein.*

He walked into the bar optimistically and left misty optically.—*Mrs. J. P.*

Grandma came up, pressing each stair firmly into place.—*Leo Henkin.*

Virtue: Vice versus.—*M. C. Dorsey.*

When I asked her to dance she was on my feet in a moment.—*Mrs. S.H.P.*

Unheeded alarm clock, shaking with rage.—*Frank Siccardi.*

The pebbles tickled the brook till it giggled.—*Joan Mario.*

Leaves square-dancing on the lawn.—*J. E. Acker.*

Sorrow: A headache of the heart.—*Daniel A. Lord.*

Snow swirled like a dotted-swiss curtain in a stiff wind.—*Henry Morton Robinson . . .* The great snow bandaged the street lights.—*Mossie Bishop.*

The story spread like sunrise.—*Fulton Oursler . . .* Morning rolled up the shades of darkness.—*William M. O'Rourke, O.S.A.*

Her face puckered like a flower folding for the night.—*Joseph A. Breig. . . .* Night follows the shrilling day with a whisper of stars.—*Francis B. Thornton . . .* A moon sliced from silver.—*Faith Baldwin . . .* The moonlight unrolls like a silver ribbon across the shadowed snow.—*Gilean Douglas . . .* Sheer white faces of the dunes, sneering in the moonlight.—*Walter M. Miller.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Panama hats are made in Ecuador; and every time you buy one you give a job to an Indian



Where You Did Get That Hat

By VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Condensed from a book*

IN ECUADOR, every Thursday is the day of the Panama Hat fair. All the roads leading to Cuenca are alive with people: men, women, and children. They come from cornfields and hamlets in the Andes, from the townships of Azogues, Biblián, Cañar, and remote sections of the provinces. Pure Indians—Zaragüeros, Oñas, Cañari—mix with cholos and plod toward Cuenca and the fair.

Commission agents are stationed along the roads. They are eager to buy hats of certain measurements, and their expert eyes choose from the mass that moves by them the hat that fills the specifications. Offers and counteroffers are hissed, without visible agitation. Most of the weavers have doubtlessly promised their product to a specific agent within Cuenca and, with shaking head, they hurry on.

On days other than Thursday, Cuenca slowly yawns itself to work. On fair day it is different. Shop-

keepers are up early. Policemen in shaggy blue denims try ineffectively to keep the people moving. The streets are closed to wheeled traffic. Along the vaulted narrow sidewalks, agents are busily buying panamas. From above the market it looks like a sea of white hats floating bodilessly in a confusing flow. By the time the sun has tinged the white buildings, all the markets are in full operation; the hum of the conversation rises with the day in strident dissonance, like the incessant drumming of cicadas. As the town swarms with Andean people, Cuenca expands to three times its normal population. And in a single fair day not fewer than 30,000 hats are purchased.

The panama is not produced, of course, in the Republic of Panama; the name was attached to this particular type of finely woven fiber hat because Panama was for years its distribution point. It is useless to try to change its name (Ecuadorians

**Reprinted and condensed from Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands, by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen. By kind permission of publishers and copyright proprietors, University of Oklahoma Press, 1949. 290 pp. \$3.75.*

have suggested *sombreros jipijapa*); it will remain *panama*. Another peculiarity: 85% of the hats are produced in the province of Azuay (more than half in the city of Cuenca alone) in regions 8,500 feet above sea level, where one never expects to see a straw hat. Even the *toquilla* fiber from which the hats are made is not a product of the sierra but of the hot, humid coast where the craft industry first took root.

The province of Manta, particularly the centers about Montecristi and Jipijapa (hé-pe-há-pa), is the original center of the finely woven straw known as *panama*. In that hot, arid coastal region the *toquilla* palm grows naturally. It is a small-stemmed species six to 14 feet high with fan-shaped leaves, four feet in diameter. The natives call it *paja toquilla*. Now, with the growth of the *panama* industry, whole plantations are given over to its culture. To convert it into fiber, the large green leaf is cut from the base of the tree, stripped of its outer filaments, and thrown into boiling water. Then it is set out to bleach under the equatorial sun. When it is white enough, the straw is cut into small strands, which shrivel dry into slender cylindrical form. Cordlike in texture, the straws are a yard long.

Straw-hat making began in the colonial period. No Indian in those regions ever wore a hat before he saw the white man. The *toquilla*

was used by the Indians to weave the finely meshed *petate* mats until some anonymous Spaniard, exhausted in his Renaissance ruff and felt hat, suggested that the Indians weave hats of *toquilla*.

The \$100 panamas, which most persons gape at but do not buy, come from Manta. Because it is a cottage industry and production is based on the part-time principle, the weaver will work for at least three months upon a hat which will be retailed at \$100 (but which brings him between \$10 and \$30). As Manta is hot and dry, the weaver will keep a gourd of water beside him to moisten the dessicated straw and keep it pliable. This is the source of the legend that the fine straw hats are woven under water. Although the weavers of Montecristi and Jipijapa make the best hats, they do not produce the bulk; that distinction belongs to Cuenca.

How the *panama* came to Cuenca no one precisely knows, but there is a legend. There had been threats of a revolution in Esmeraldas, and one of the presidents, remembering the manner in which the Inca transferred whole populations to distant parts, had General Molina move his regiments of *costeños* to Cuenca. Numbered among those strange unsoldierly shapes, barefoot and dark-skinned, was a contingent of soldiers from Manta. As it was their custom to weave panamas in their spare time (which is, as the Ecuadorians say, *casi siempre*—nearly always),

they sent for *toquilla* from the coast and began to weave hats. The practice spread. A market was created when hats were sent to England and Germany in 1880. A trade was born. Now, within a radius of 40 miles, more than 200,000 hat weavers work; children, adults, Indians, cholos. This is a typical part-time industry—a clerk in a store will lay down his fiber-becoming-a-hat to attend to you, and pick it up again when you leave. Women sit in doorways gossiping while they dexterously flip the straws into place to make the panama.

The system works in this manner. A hat designer in New York creates for the coming summer a panama with brim and crown of certain dimensions. The hat is to be blocked in the manner that she ordains; that part will be done in New York. Contact is made with the Ecuadorian Panama Hat Co. of New York. A code message is cabled to its representative in Cuenca. His commission agents, Spaniards or cholos of Cuenca, are advised of the new order some days preceding the Thursday fair.

Let us follow an Indian on the road to Cuenca to find out exactly what happens to the panama hat from the time it is woven. He moves along toward the commission agents, who are stationed on one of the principal streets leading to the general market. A stack of hats, square crowned, with the overhanging straw fringe, are already piled

before them. Our Indian waits his turn as a chola offers her hat to the *comisionista*. The man picks up the hat, measuring the crown and brim with a small ruler. He inspects the hat, then makes an offer. The chola refuses the proffered price and asks more. The agent lowers it by a few reales. Each in advance, agent and weaver, knows the price that will be paid. Custom determines the procedure, the weaver demanding twice the price he will eventually receive. The harangue continues good-naturedly until they reach the price that each expected in the first place. The agent pays the weaver in cash and marks the price he has paid in the hat, and it follows the others to the pile beside him.

The Indian we have followed evidently has a finer hat. He refuses the offer of four sucres (35¢), and the agent, knowing that it is a superiorly woven hat, raises the price two reales; still our Indian is not satisfied. He trots off to another *comisionista*. They quickly reach terms, for this agent has an order to buy up the finer straws. He pays six sucres for it. The agent who has made the purchase now takes our Indian aside and gives him pieces of broken straw, explaining, in Quechua, the type of hat that is now wanted. Since the Indian cannot read nor write, written figures would mean nothing. The crown, represented by one straw, is to be so high, the brim, represented by another, is to be so wide. Does he

understand? Yes. The texture is to be of such and such fineness and for such a panama eight sueres will be paid. And will the Indian be sure and keep his hands clean and not weave with dirty hands? The dirt and perspiration soil the *paja* and it will not bleach out. Once more our Indian nods his head; he then repeats, holding up the shorter straw, "For the crown." The agent nods. He holds up a longer piece, "For the brim." The agent nods. And to confirm it all, the Indian repeats, "Eight sueres." Now the Indian trots off to the market to buy *toquilla* straw.

The agent, meanwhile, is interviewing all the weavers whose work he knows. As this is a special order, the price is more than for the usual hat, and only the weaver whose work is of machine consistency can be relied on. Ordinarily, the weavers do not like special orders, nor do they like to weave American women's hats. The chola weaver complains that the woman of the North must be of flighty mind indeed. One year she wants one type of hat, the next year another. Fashion is little known to the Indians. They have been wearing the same style of clothes for ten centuries.

Our Indian is now in the plaza buying his straw for the next week's hat. The straw is tied into bundles of ten strands, this being enough to make the ordinary hat. The Indian moves from bundle to bundle, examining, twisting the fibers, break-

ing off a small piece to see if it is brittle. This is important. If the *paja* breaks while he is weaving, a knot must be made, which will disfigure the hat, and the commission agent will use it next week as pretext for paying a lower price. Finally he makes his purchases, pays the 40 centavos for the straw, and saunters off for a drink of *chicha*.

By the time we see the new hat, part of the top circle of the crown is completed. All the straw that will form it is laid down in the traditional warp and woof of weaving. The weaving is held on the lap. With a twisting of the fingers, each fiber is woven and pulled tightly to form a concentric pattern. In the spare time from planting corn, harvesting, and shelling beans during the next few days, the hat crown is finished. The Indian weaver carefully measures it at several angles with the piece of straw given him by the agent. By Wednesday the hat is ready, and once more on Thursday he is off to the market.

For this order the agent is more exacting; he takes the hat from the weaver and with his small rule goes over crown and brim. He examines the inside, then makes the purchase.

After the fair, the hats are brought to the office of the exporter; here technicians carry the panamas into the final stage. The hats are trimmed and the edges bound; they now bear some resemblance to the finished product. They are then sent to the bleaching rooms, where they

are placed on small racks very much resembling coat hangers. Underneath, sulphur is placed on small braziers, emitting the gagging whitish fumes that bleach the hats. For once, Ecuador's famed volcanoes are helpful. The panama-hat industry consumes 1,000 tons of sulphur yearly. The finishing touch in the bleaching is a bath in the milk of sulphur. Each hat is lavishly painted, as the operator rubs the sulphur into it by whirling it in his hands, working the milk into the fibers. The hats are next given a final drying under the sun. They are then put on hat blocks and pounded with a large wooden mallet to smooth out imperfections, such as small splices in the straw. No panama may be said to be well woven when these show.

Finally, the hats are pressed with

a charcoal-heated iron. Spots which did not come out in the bleaching are cleaned with starch. Folded into a half-moon shape, the hats are ready for shipment.

So much for the panama as an article of commerce. It has another function: its ameliorating effect on the life of the native. In Cuenca and its immediate environs, most of the Indians own their own piece of earth; their homes, of whitewashed, sun-baked brick, neatly red-tiled, are epics of cleanliness in comparison with the *huasipongos* of the majority of the other Andean dwellers. This is the result of the panama. Weaving can be done in odd moments by everyone in the family; every week the family can create a small capital to balance the subsistence crops raised on its own land.

Radio Transmission

YOU'VE heard it said, "I'll be glad when political broadcasts are kept off the radio. I'm fed up with them."

Listen, they are the proud songs of a free people—shouting at each other in a free way. Turn them off in your own house, if you wish, but please, let's encourage those voices.

I'd rather hear Mr. Jones shout, "Elect me" than have the government shout, "Mr. Jones will cease broadcasting as of midnight tonight for criticizing the government and its policies."

George Grim in the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* (1 Nov. '48).

Radio Reception

THE atheist acts as if the music coming from his radio were actually produced by the little box before him. He doesn't understand that in order for him to hear music in his room, somewhere there must be a studio and a transmitter and a man in tune with the Infinite to send out the beauty he receives.

Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn in the *American Hebrew* (11 Mar. '49).

They thought the Jew in the white apron serving ham made a funny picture but it was really a happy one



Men of Business Meet the Poor

By ROY DENIAL

Condensed from the *Progressive**

MORE than 800 unshaven, tattered men sat at tables one afternoon in a hall on Detroit's East Side. Some of them, for the first time in many years, were glad it was Easter. The hungry derelicts watched in awed silence as several white-aproned businessmen made their way among them with trays of steaming food, filling empty plates.

One of the volunteer waiters, a portly gentleman, was moving along a crowded aisle with his tray of meat. A burly, open-shirted newcomer at the far end of the hall rose to point a gnarled finger. "Hey, fellas!" he cried. "Git a load o' that! A Jew passin' out ham an' on Easter Sunday!"

A chorus of guffaws greeted this remark. But several of the older, wiser men gave their outspoken comrade a look of melting scorn. One of them reached out a hairy arm to pull him back to his chair. The apron-garbed businessman, however, simply rested his tray on the edge of the table and smiled. A

hush fell over the men in the room.

The Jew spoke. "Listen, boys, when you came in here for a free meal today, did anyone ask you your religion?"

A few of the men managed an embarrassed negative shaking of the head.

"Well," he continued, eyeing the pork on his tray, "I'm not asking anyone what kind of meat this is."

In a sense, that scene typifies the spirit of "shirt-sleeve brotherhood" that has made the Capuchin Charity guild a success in its ministry to the destitute. Although a mixture of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, the guild has never allowed differences in race or religion to become a stumbling block. The motley organization has managed to set a table in its street-side dining hall every day during the last 14 years for at least 200 and sometimes as many as 1,500 needy men.

Not far from the dining hall is the monastery of the Capuchin friars from which the guild takes its name. The Capuchins began feed-

*408 W. Gorham St., Madison, 3, Wis. January, 1910.

ing Detroit's hungry during the depression. When they sometimes found it necessary to pass out as many as 2,000 loaves of bread in a single day, the Fathers began to realize that they had set themselves to an overwhelming task.

One night in 1935, a group of Catholic businessmen met at the home of Ed Roney, a well-to-do automobile dealer. Some of them had just come from a talk with the head of the monastery. He had said he would turn over the friars' ministry of giving, but only when a lay organization had been set up. The men carefully considered plans for their own group. At first they felt it should be composed entirely of Catholics; but several farsighted members said it would be wise to include Jews and Protestants. That night the Capuchin Charity guild was born.

Fewer than 200 made up the original group. Today it numbers four times that many, men of many professions, races, and faiths. Seeking the reason behind the guild's popularity, one evening at a meeting I cornered a judge, a charter member.

"How'd you happen to join?" I asked.

"Well, I've always looked on the usual type of contribution as worthy, but sort of intangible," he replied. "With the Capuchin group, all you have to do is drop by the monastery and take a gander at the soup-kitchen line. After that, you don't doubt how that help is needed."

A real-estate man reflected a slightly different viewpoint. "Whenever I get feeling complacent or smug about my job," he confided, "that line of hungry men reminds me how very easily things change overnight. After all, one of those men in that line could be me. I figure helping the guild is just like paying on an insurance policy."

Such hard-headed devotion has seen many tough jobs through. One of the earliest and most difficult occurred when the guild started. For years, the soup-kitchen building needed remodeling. At a hurry-up meeting, the members decided to add a new floor, put in a completely new kitchen, a basement, and several freezer rooms. The architect's estimate was above \$40,000.

To raise the funds, the men sponsored ice-cream socials, benefit recitals, open-house meetings. One project alone brought in \$39,000. At another fund-raising conference, a Jewish devotee waited until all the money but his was collected and counted. Then he matched the total amount, dollar-for-dollar.

A sympathetic contractor agreed to supply part of the material as well as all of the workmen for the rebuilding. As word of the guild's undertaking spread, many firms decided to pitch in. Large grocery chains contributed canned goods and bread. One executive in a business firm turned over to the group a 180-acre farm. From creameries came milk and cheese. From mar-

kets came sides of beef and of pork.

Surprising as it may seem, even today the line outside the Guild hall is a long one. I have watched those pitiful figures waiting for the mid-day meal. Some are absolutely down-and-out; others endeavor to maintain a certain threadbare dignity; but all have a hungry, haunted look. Many barely hobble through the feeding line, a few on crutches. For one reason or another nearly all of them are incapable of holding a steady job. But the guild itself never bothers to find out why. In the words of a member who helps pass out the food each day, "If the men are hungry, they eat. No questions asked." Keeping that pledge has developed into a job that costs over \$30,000 every year.

The good the guild has accom-

plished cannot be measured solely in terms of dollars and brimming soup bowls. The test of the group's worth must lie in its effect upon those men whom society apparently has forgotten.

About those who wait in the feeding line, not much can be ascertained. The guild keeps no records of the thousands who visit its kitchen every year. Whether the gift of food has ever brought any man through a personal crisis is a secret. But there is little doubt that those who see to it that a meal is available for someone in need are making the simple gesture of brotherhood. In so doing they serve notice to the world that in this one city-wide group, at least, the old bogies of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, or antianybody are dead.



He Never Missed a Shot!

LOYOLA university of Chicago is proud not only of the high caliber of its basketball teams, but also of the boys who play on them. At the beginning of every game, at half-time and in times-out, the team says short prayers, and rarely does a player step to the free-throw line without making the Sign of the Cross.

A few years back Coach Tom Haggerty took the team to Southern Methodist university. After the game, a priest who had been in the stands dashed into the Loyola dressing room.

"It was wonderful, Coach Haggerty!" he exclaimed. "We rarely see the great Catholic school teams down here. And it was edifying to see your players blessing themselves before their free throws. Especially that Gerry Nagel. He never once forgot, and never missed a shot!"

Haggerty smiled and thanked him. He didn't have the heart to tell Father that the only Protestant on the team was Gerry Nagel.

Gene Hartlein.

*Employees buy shares, work hard, help manage, and
make money*

We Bought Out the Boss

By RICHARD M. McKEON, S.J.

Condensed from *America**



ARMENTER & BULLOCH CO., LTD., of Gananoque, Ontario, Canada, rightfully boasts to the entire world that it is 100% employee owned. The fascinating story of this company is its success in putting into practice the principles of the Christian social order.

Thomas J. Delaney, president of the company, told the story of Gananoque to a forum at the LeMoyne College School of Industrial Relations in Syracuse, N. Y. Parmenter & Bulloch was established 86 years ago. The company produced rivets, riveting machines, and various small metal items, including knitting needles and rings for bulls' noses.

In 1946 the Bulloch family decided to sell. One prospective buyer was a large competing corporation having several similar plants. There was grave danger that the Bulloch operations might be moved to another area. This would have thrown 200 persons out of work.

Delaney was general manager at the time. He remembered that the Graybar Electric Co., a national distributor of electrical equipment,

was owned by its workers. Could he sell this idea of employee-ownership to his fellow workers? The emergency called for quick action. Rallying some leaders around him, he won over the employees, and together they began a campaign for funds. The owners were approached and a 30-day option was secured, with the purchasing price set at \$600,000.

Here was the trying challenge. How could 70 women and 140 men in ordinary circumstances raise this amount in a few weeks? Homes were mortgaged, war bonds turned in, loans secured; merchants contributed. The amount raised was \$252,000.

But the goal was far away and the cynics were sniping. Then the owners, hearing about the plan and the efforts of their employees, reduced the price to \$525,000. With the help of Toronto brokers, a bond issue of \$275,000 was floated at low rates. A plan to redeem the bonds over a ten-year period by means of pay-roll deductions was drawn up. The bonds were oversubscribed.

To protect the new company, a lengthy trust deed was drawn up. Many intricate legal details had to be clarified, for 100% employee-ownership was without precedent in Canada.

One special feature was the establishment of a voting trust. The investment brokers insisted on the voting trust before they would handle the bond issue. This trust insured continuity of key management. It removed the possibility of an irresponsible group gaining control. Top management decides the policy of the company, but the workers are always kept fully informed about the more important matters.

Delaney praised the results obtained under employee ownership. The company has a happy cooperative spirit, with the result that tremendous gains have been made financially. Although during the last three years the number of workers has decreased, productivity has increased. The workers have a sense not only of belonging to but of actually owning the business. They do not waste time and material. They tolerate no careless work, for their own money is involved. They know that their combined efforts will determine the amount of dividends they will receive at the end of the business year.

Every employee is a shareholder. Shares may be purchased through pay-roll deduction. If an employee leaves the company, his shares must be sold to the Employees' Pool and

held for further distribution. An agreement is signed by all to this effect. No one outside the company can own shares in it.

When the company was reorganized, there seemed to be no hope of dividends for at least two years; none had been paid by the old company for many years. After only six months of operation, however, the improved status warranted the payment of a dividend. Thus far six dividends have been paid, representing an annual yield of 5%. At the same time, a fair amount of earnings is set aside for reserves.

Delaney continued, "We have re-deemed \$77,000 of our bond issue. Our last annual statement showed a ratio of current assets to current liabilities of over 7 to 1. Bankers think that 3 to 1 is a good risk. When we bought the company we inherited a bank loan of \$130,000, which has since been entirely wiped out. Don't you think this proves the workability and success of employee ownership?"

Wages at the company are the highest in the industry. The work week is now 40 hours instead of 44. Yet production, even with the present smaller working force, has increased 14%. Employees get two weeks vacation with pay, older workers more. The plant has been renovated for greater efficiency and safety. Many ideas for improvement came from the workers. Smoking is allowed on the job and canteen service is available.

The company has a pension plan to which both employees and company contribute. Full sick pay is allowed and a bonus is distributed at Christmas. The company pays the entire cost of a hospitalization plan covering employees and their families.

The workers have a firm faith in the new setup. They recognize that management must function as in other companies. Accordingly, there are a board of directors, officers, and department heads who have the power to hire and fire. Three directors are from the main office, and two are from the shop. These directors keep a close scrutiny over the distribution of shares.

The question period went for a full hour after Delaney's talk. Here are a few of the questions and answers.

"We understand that the United Steel Workers has a union in your plant. In view of your remarks, what is its main function?"

"Its main function seems to be an effort to keep alive. We find it useful for grievance procedures. Thus far no grievance has reached our office."

"What would happen to your company if an industry-wide strike was called? Where would you be?"

"We would be sitting pretty. We foresaw such a difficulty and in our agreement the union is freed from participating in such a strike."

"What if the union should demand a wage increase?"

"That is possible but not probable. Our workers know that a wage increase would mean smaller dividends."

"What is the difference between your policy and that of ordinary profit-sharing firms?"

"In other firms, profit-sharing depends upon the decision of management, who frequently are not the owners. Have their workers a strict right to share in such profits, presuming they are receiving fair basic pay? Because we are the owners, we have that right, and we pride ourselves that increased efficiency has made this possible."

"Have other companies shown an interest in your plan?"

"Very many inquiries come to our office. We understand that two companies have set up similar programs but we have no report on their success."

"Do your workers use the time clock?"

"Yes and no. Employees with 15 years of service, nearly half the force, do not punch the clock. Personally, I am in favor of tossing time clocks out completely."

Delaney in his concluding remarks told how the early cynics predicted that the new company would not last six months, that it would be a socialistic mess, that the workers would lose everything. But paraphrasing Scripture, he added, "Can any good come out of Gananoque?" And then he gave a smiling invitation to "Come and see."

*As long as Indians have the knack
No one here shall lack shellac*

The Shellac Bug

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

Condensed from the *Rotarian**



AN INSECT only one-fifteenth of an inch long provides India with millions of dollars of income a year. Phonograph records are made of its end product. It supplies the glaze on playing cards. It is the stiffening used in every felt hat made. It is the bonding cement used in the seams of tin cans, in electric-light bulbs, in vacuum cleaners. It is shellac.

Everybody uses it, chiefly as a protective coating for furniture and woodwork. Yet if you should ask, on a radio quiz, whether shellac is animal, mineral, or vegetable, it is doubtful whether one person in 100 would know the answer.

Shellac is the product of the lac bug (*Tachardia lacca*), a pest which feeds and breeds on certain trees in India, notably the northeastern province of Assam. Although it is believed that there is only one male for each 5,000 females, the breeding is so prolific that the name is thought to have derived from the Hindu word *lakh*, meaning "a hundred thousand."

The insects attach themselves to the tender shoots of their host trees.

Then they pierce the bark and feed on the sap. After several years they will weaken, and perhaps kill, the tree. But in the meantime the insects exude a reddish resinous secretion which each bug makes into a tent. Under this tent myriads of eggs are laid. As the eggs hatch, the young gradually swarm all over the branch, seeking a place to settle down for their half year of life. As generation follows generation, this natural plastic coating on the branch under which they live and die often becomes half an inch thick.

Thus is produced the raw material for more than 50 million pounds of shellac exported annually, 75% of it going to the U. S. Although firms in the U. S. have been importing it for well over a century, the production end of the business remains a primitive cottage industry.

The average lac breeder uses two or three open-hearth fires with which he processes only a maund (82 pounds) or two of resin a season. This he sells to the local bazaar, to be ultimately gathered up by agents for Calcutta exporters. A large plant may have 30 or 40 fires, but resin

plants that big are few in number.

Nature takes care of production on a remarkable assembly-line system. The breeder's chief problem is to avoid congestion in each succeeding generation of lac bugs, so as to provide all the newcomers with enough to eat. For if a newly hatched bug doesn't find a food supply, that is, a tender twig, within 12 feet of its birthplace, it curls up and dies.

The standard practice, therefore, is to keep inoculating fresh trees with this parasite. About a month before the swarming period, orange spots appear on the females. This is the signal for the breeder to get busy.

Twigs loaded with healthy lac insects are cut off the tree. Some growers wedge the sticks of brood lac between two twigs of a fresh tree. Others put several infected twigs in a bamboo basket, which they tie to the tree.

The swarming periods come twice a year, in May and October, one swarm being used for brood, the other for crop. Conversion of this second batch into a marketable commodity involves considerable tedious labor.

First, thickly encrusted twigs of stick lac are cut off the trees and scraped, soaked in water, or pounded and split to remove the lac, which is then spread out in the shade to dry. Crude stone mills or corn crushers are usually used for this. The stuff is then repeatedly winnowed. Then it is washed and put to soak

overnight. And after that a man climbs into the stone pot and works the lac with his feet to crush out the animal dye. The product of this operation is grain lac or seed lac, which looks very much like grape nuts.

This seed lac is then stuffed into stocking-shaped cotton bags 30 to 40 feet long. One end of the bag is fastened to the wall. The other end is swung back and forth over a low charcoal fire until the lac begins to melt. And as the worker twists the far end of the bag, the molten resin filters through the mesh and drips onto the hearth.

The hot drippings are rolled into a sheet about two feet square. Then another workman, using his hands, feet, and teeth, stretches the sheet until it is four or five feet square and proportionately thinner. When the sheets become cool and brittle, they are broken into fragments about the size of cornflakes. They look like peanut brittle without the peanuts.

The purest of this drip is puddled into cakes about the size of a silver dollar, stamped with an identifying seal, and sold to the electrical industry as button lac. The bulk of U.S. imports, however, are in the flake form known to the trade as TN (truly native). At this stage it ranges in color from ruby to blonde.

White shellac, as we know it, has been bleached with chlorine, and all shellac reaches American importers' shores as a solid. It isn't until the

flakes have been dissolved in alcohol or some suitable caustic that the substance becomes the liquid with which we are all familiar.

Not many more than a dozen concerns import shellac. The product is highly speculative because of the drastic influence of weather on crops and the lack of production control. U.S. import prices have fluctuated from 7¢ a pound to \$1.50 in the last 15 years.

Practically all imports come from Calcutta, where dealers, combing the interior, round up their stocks from individual growers or local bazaars. Today most of the pur-

chases are made straight across the counter. But there still prevails an ancient and unique custom known as the "secret auction."

In those negotiations, broker, seller, and buyers sit in a circle around a table, each placing his right hand under a cloth in the center. In turn, the buyers make their bids by taking hold of the fingers, each finger and each joint representing a specific figure. The bids are then conveyed to the seller by the broker. If the latter accepts, the broker whips away the cloth and tosses a handful of lac into the lap of the successful bidder.

This Struck Me

MYLES CONNOLLY's *hero** is advised to be cautious in carrying out his ideals of sanctity. He breaks out into a magnificent tirade against the hedging excuses our age has substituted for the flaming ideals of Christianity.

"You preach caution to me! How I detest that word! How it has written its evil over our lives. Why, a man can't be spontaneously affectionate today without being suspected of weakness! We are advised to watch ourselves. We are counseled to keep our thoughts to ourselves. Silence, caution, reserve, are urged as prime virtues. Our fear of exuberance, of ecstasy, of any genuine passion, is being stamped on our faces and our lives.

"Once, I am told, men put on their shields and banners such brave words as *love, audacity, faith*. Today we have written across a million pages and placards and billboards our slogans: *self-considerateness, thrift, safety first*. We have about as much hunger for loveliness as a turtle. And about as much capacity for intense and varied living as a cabbage."

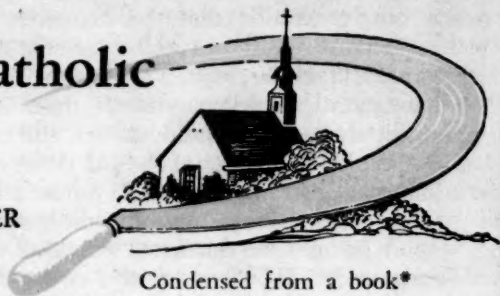
**Mr. Blue* (1928, Macmillan Co.: N. Y. \$1.75).

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*The rulers of Russia do not believe in letting
their people hear anything from the outside world*

Moscow's Catholic Church

By LIEUT.-GEN. WALTER
BEDELL SMITH



Condensed from a book*

WHILE I was in Moscow, there was only one "foreign" church, the small Catholic church of St. Louis of France. It had been built before the Russian Revolution by Moscow's French colony. An American priest, Father Leopold Braun, served as its pastor as a result of an agreement between President Roosevelt and Maxim M. Litvinov, then Soviet foreign commissar, when the U. S. granted diplomatic recognition to the USSR in 1933.

The President had expressed his "deep concern" that Americans who would reside temporarily in the Soviet Union "should enjoy freedom of conscience and religious liberty." Mr. Roosevelt made it clear that the U. S. expected Americans to be able "to conduct without annoyance or molestation of any kind" all kinds of religious services in English in churches, houses or other appropriate buildings "which they will be given the right and opportunity to lease, erect or maintain in convenient situations." Such churches, the

President specified, would be directed by clergymen, priests, rabbis, and other ecclesiastical functionaries "who are nationals of the United States of America," who would be protected "from all disability or persecution and will not be denied entry into the territory of the Soviet Union because of their ecclesiastical status."

In his reply, Mr. Litvinov said that in the Soviet Union "every person may profess any religion or none." He denied that religious freedom for Americans or other persons would be hindered. Soviet law, he said, clearly provided the right to rent or erect churches. Even so, his government was willing to make a consular convention with the U. S. specifying such rights. As for admitting clergymen, Mr. Litvinov promised that the Soviet Union would not refuse entry to Americans because of ecclesiastical status.

Father Braun served his Moscow parish under great handicaps for 11 years. He finally came home for a

rest in 1945 on the airplane that brought Secretary of State James F. Byrnes home from the second Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. Father Braun was replaced by another American, Father George Antonio Laberge, who spoke both French and Russian fluently, as had Father Braun.

Just before I left Moscow, there began an incident involving control of this "foreign church" that is typical both of the devious methods of Soviet authorities and the importance they attach to isolating the Russians from all foreign contacts. Partly because Father Laberge could preach in Russian as well as in French and English, the Russian congregation of this church was large. Immediately after the war, more and more people began attending the church. A French priest, Father Thomas, was assigned to Moscow to help Father Laberge handle the needs of the French-speaking parishioners. On the occasions when I attended this church, Russians crowded the building, even filled the aisles.

After three years in Moscow, Father Laberge was ready for home leave in the U. S. He asked for visas to leave the Soviet Union with permission to return after his visit to America. He made it clear that he would not leave his post unless his re-entry visa was granted in advance. After considerable delay, Father Laberge was given both visas and left for home. He turned over the duties

of his position to Father Thomas.

But then the Russians put into operation their plan for gaining control of this "foreign church" in the heart of Moscow. Almost as soon as Father Laberge reached the U. S. he was notified that his re-entry visa had been canceled. No explanation was given. We hoped that an entry visa for another priest would be issued promptly because only Father Thomas was left to administer to the whole Catholic community of Moscow.

The next act, which occurred after my return to the U. S., was reported to me by my associates in the Moscow embassy. It put the Soviet government directly in control of this Catholic church. Two Russian women, accompanied by a representative of the Council for Affairs Religious (which had been established in June, 1944, to regulate non-Orthodox religions), called on Father Thomas. They said that the Soviet congregation wanted a pastor who could speak their language and that they had petitioned the Council for Affairs Religious to provide a Russian-speaking priest. The petition bore the signatures of many Soviet members of the congregation. In their names, they demanded that Father Thomas turn over the keys to the church. The government official said that failure to comply would result in "unpleasant consequences." He said Father Thomas would be permitted to officiate at one service a day. This would be for

foreigners. Soviet citizens would attend other services at which a Russian-speaking priest officiated.

Father Thomas turned over the keys of the church. He was admitted for one Mass each day. No other clergyman appeared for a long time. Finally, a priest called on Father Thomas and announced that he had been assigned to the parish by the Archbishop of Riga (whose ecclesiastical authority, incidentally, does not extend to Moscow). When Father Thomas asked for his credentials, the new priest stated that he had given them to the Council for Affairs Religious. They had given him their certificate of authority.

This he displayed; Father Thomas had no choice but to accept it, invalid though it was by Church law.

By this tortuous process, the Soviet members of the one Moscow Catholic congregation were isolated from foreign contact—the real purpose of the complicated maneuver involving Father Laberge and his canceled visa. For many months, no other American priest could obtain a visa to replace him, but at last permission was granted, and Father Arthur O. Brassard, A.A., left Jan. 16 for Moscow. Like Father Braun, he belongs to the Order of Augustinians of the Assumption, known as the Assumption Fathers.

Sometimes the First Should Be First

THE POPE last November warned Italian jurists to follow their consciences rather than unjust laws in executing judgments. A district judge named Luis Armijo, from Las Vegas, N. M., said, anent the Pope's address, "I may be a Catholic, but I'm a citizen of the U. S. first."

Judge Armijo, if he really intended to say what he seems to have said, has something like a genius for missing the point. In 14 short words, he managed to distort the meaning both of what it is to be a Catholic, and what it is to be a U. S. citizen.

Being a Catholic is not like belonging to a tennis club. It involves such things as personal conviction, belief, and conscience. When a man is a Catholic (or a Methodist, a Theosophist or a Holy Roller, for that matter) it should be because he couldn't be anything else and remain true to himself. Obviously that comes first. The real glory attached to being a citizen of the U. S. is that it always comes second. Being a Catholic (or Protestant or Jew) comes first. That is what being a Catholic (or Protestant or Jew) means. Being a citizen of the U. S. comes second; for that, Judge Armijo, is what U. S. citizenship means.

The Commonweal (2 Dec. '49).

*There's a continual change going on in the earth's skin,
and men change with it*

Soil Tells What You Are

By J. D. RATCLIFF

Condensed from *Nation's Business**

WE HAVE heard a great deal about what man has done to despoil and misuse the soil. But we have heard almost nothing of what soil has done to man. The dirt under our feet affects us in a hundred subtle ways. It affects character, body build, mental processes. To a degree, it even determines how we vote!

The Northeast is notoriously conservative, the West generally liberal. As they must be, say soil scientists. A New England farm has soil which can grow anything. It makes farmers self-sufficient, after which they become conservative. Meanwhile, prairie soil produces only one crop: wheat. Farmers there have to cooperate or die, and cooperation pushes to the political left. The soil scientist, therefore, expects Nebraska to produce men like the late George Norris, great fighter for public power; and is not surprised to find that Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, leader of the Russian revolution, was born in Ulianovsk, a grain-belt province with soil much like that in our own West.

Dr. Charles E. Kellogg, head of the Department of Agriculture's soil

survey, has done more than anyone else in tracing the subtle influences soil has on man. One of the world's top soil scientists, he has been adviser to Belgian, French, and other governments. Kellogg contends a soil map is a much better guide to political differences than the Mason-Dixon line.

Where the brown forest soils of the North dipped into the red-yellow soils of the South, Lincoln got recruits. West Virginia, which has northern-type soil, split away from its parent state to join the Union. A finger of northern soil dips down through eastern Tennessee, and people in this area petitioned the northern Congress for admission into the Union. This same finger of brown soil continues on into northern Georgia, and the people who lived on it tried to secede from the Confederacy. Where red southern soil pushed northward, the story reversed. Missouri, with half northern and half southern soil, was split wide open.

Kellogg finds dozens of instances where soil has influenced our national history. Whenever large masses of people move from one soil type

*Washington, D. C., February, 1949.

to another, an emotional explosion is apt to follow. This happened in the settling of the West. It was the Wild West until people became adjusted to a new soil. Then six-shooters were put away.

Even in the matter of music, soil exerts its influence. The mountaineers of Albania and Kentucky have much the same music. The plaintive wails of the Nebraska plainsman would be familiar and pleasing to the ears of the wheat farmer on the Russian steppes, or the Argentine pampas.

Soil even plays a part in determining body shape. Where calcium and phosphorus are lacking, the human body tends to conserve them. Thus, the people of India are smaller than the people of Sweden, the Japanese smaller than Texans. Where iodine is lacking in the soil, the thyroid of the neck swells in an effort to utilize every scrap of the chemical available. This happens in the Himalayas, and natives refer contemptuously to outsiders as "Little Necks."

We tend to regard soil as a dead, inert stuff. Actually, it is alive. It is the bridge between dead rocks and living material. The soil itself teems with life. Microbes in a fleck of dirt the size of a pencil eraser may number more than 2 billion—more than the number of people on earth. The soil supports a huge variety of microfauna: worms, ants, centipedes. It is the scene of chemical reactions more intricate than any performed in laboratories. It changes from

month to month, day to day, even minute to minute.

The making of the thin skin of topsoil which keeps the human race alive is one of the wonders of the universe. A river at flood stage may lay down a foot of topsoil in one hour. But it may take 10 million years to build a foot of soil on the slopes of a mountain.

Dozens of forces are always at work weathering rock into soil. The sun heats rocks, chill night winds cool them and they crack. Winter rain enters crevices, freezes, pries smaller pieces apart. Rain dissolves carbon dioxide from the air to make carbonic acid, which eats away rock particles.

Trees and other plants act as pumps. Their roots suck mineral food from rocks below the surface, and put it into leaves and trunks. When plants die they leave the minerals on the surface, making the soil fertile. In a given tropical area, plants may leave as much as 90 tons of humus a year to the soil, in an arid region of the same size it may be no more than nine pounds. The rich, black soils of the prairie states are the rot of grasses that have grown there through tens of thousands of years.

Microbes add to soil fertility. Some of them take nitrogen from the air, put it in their tissues and leave it in the ground when they die.

While the process of soil formation had been quite well understood for some time, the soil itself re-

mained an enigma. Scientists studied other things. The first farmers had a certain crude fact to work with. They knew that manure helped crops along, and that land allowed to lie fallow was more productive. The Greeks and Romans wrote knowingly about these things, indicating that there was nothing very new about them 2,000 years ago.

For years it was seriously proposed that crops ate soil. But Jean van Helmont, 17th century Flemish scientist, carefully weighed soil in a tub, then planted a tree in it. By the end of five years, the tree was head-high, weighed many pounds. But the soil in the tub had lost only two ounces in weight. Van Helmont had discovered something, but he didn't know what. He lamely concluded that water was the "spirit" of vegetation, and let the matter drop. If this were so, said a British scientist named Woodward, plants should grow in water alone. He tried it, but nothing happened.

Justus von Liebig, a German of towering research intellect, attacked the problem about 100 years ago. The soil, he decreed, was nothing more than a vast storage bin. Plants drew on it for food and when minerals were exhausted the soil ceased to produce. The soil, in other words, was like a bank. Plants made withdrawals, and man made deposits, in the form of fertilizer. On a trip to the Danube basin von Liebig discovered soils which had been producing crops for centuries when,

according to his calculations, they should have been exhausted by the time the Romans left. What was the answer? He didn't know.

A Russian, V. V. Dokuchaiev, got on the right track. Instead of studying dead soil in the laboratory as von Liebig had, he took a spade to the fields. He stripped away soil down to solid rock, and started studying the various layers which built up the soil profile.

He saw that soil formation is a continuous process, roots pulling mineral nourishment up from below, rain washing it back down again. He noted that the same kind of rock could produce dozens of kinds of soil depending on climate, vegetation, and other factors. More important, he observed that soil is always an expression of the vegetation growing on it. That is to say that the wheatlands of the Dakotas have a profile similar to that of wheatlands in India; that soils under pine forests throughout the world were always the same.

Today, we know more than 10,000 soil types which fall into 50-odd soil groups. By now, the world is almost completely soil-mapped, and the maps tell what crops will grow in what areas. Without ever seeing China, India, or Italy, a soil scientist can look at a map and say which land will produce corn, where sugar cane may be grown, which areas will support orchards. Similarly, the maps are used to predict crop yields. A soil scientist knows that

the Robinsonville sandy loam of Mississippi will produce 700 lbs. of cotton per acre; that the Tama silt loam of Iowa is good for 70 bushels of corn per acre; that the Deep Lakeland soil of Florida won't produce much of anything except worthless cabbage palms.

In general, three great soil groups dominate American farm economy. Podzolic soils dominate in the East. They are exactly like the soils of Europe, hence the pioneers who settled on them faced few problems. They brought Old World seeds with them that thrived in the New World. Soils of this type grow almost any crop.

Note something else about this area: there is a widespread notion that the first farmers who cleared the forest found a rich, lush land. This isn't so. The Podzolic soils were never very good. They grew trees, but the poorest land will sup-

port a tree crop. Podzolic soils have one great point in their favor. They respond to good farm management. Great areas in the East have had this good management. Farms in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, Connecticut tobacco farms, are many times more productive today than they were in pioneer times.

The South, with its red-yellow soils, had another set of problems. Such soils are best suited to cotton and tobacco. Both crops require large amounts of labor. This pushed the South toward plantation-type agriculture.

Raising more cotton and tobacco than the country could consume, the South had to export. Free trade became the cry of plantation owners. The North wanted trade barriers to protect its infant industries. Political and economic rivalry led to war. The question of slavery got the headlines, but it was incidental.



Mother Knows

ONE AFTERNOON I dropped into a Catholic Church. A few seats from the back knelt a lady. With questioning stare she watched a lad in short pants make the stations of the cross. I learned later she was his mother. The young man deeply edified me. His hands were piously folded and his eyes cast floorwards. What amazed me most were his seeming powers of concentration. As he moved angelically down the aisle and genuflected before each station, he never for a moment changed his demeanor. Such extraordinary piety was too much for the lady near the back. Rising from her kneeler she met her saintly son at the eighth station and ordered him to open his hands. A very wise mother . . . out jumped a grasshopper.

E. P. Burns, S. J.

*A Roman sportsman making his will showed
us where St. Peter lies*

The Fop and The Fisherman

By J. GALVIN, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from *Perpetual Help**



MORNING, Popilius!"

"Bet on Andremon, Popilius. He's a sure winner today."

"Buy a flower, Popilius . . . a blue flower for luck."

Everyone in Rome seemed to know Popilius Heracla, from Nero himself to the soothsayers and stableboys. Popilius was one of the characters sure to be sitting in the same tier, same seat at every circus event, horse race, naval battle or just the burning of 100 Christians. But horse races were his passion.

He liked crowds and noise and atmosphere; the mingled smells of wintergreen and cinnamon, burnt almonds, stacte and mint. He liked the tinkle of coppers on the betting boards; the shuffle of 10,000 sandals, the whinnying of the horses, the rattle of chariot wheels, that rousing crescendo of cheering as the charioteers rounded the spina. He knew the full pedigree of every thoroughbred, the record and life story of every charioteer. He'd not miss a circus day alive or dead. As a matter of fact, he said in his last will and testament that he wished his remains buried within earshot of the

circus, that his bones might stir to the roar of the crowds and the thunder of horses.

Cheers and the shuffle of feet have now actually become the everlasting heritage of Popilius Heracla. But they are not quite what he had in mind when he dictated his last will and testament.

Men, women, and children have, for 1,500 years and more, walked and wept and cheered within earshot of his dust. Not at the circus—that is gone now—but in a magnificent mausoleum, the largest in the world, erected in memory of a man Popilius Heracla may well have seen crucified, head downwards, at Nero's circus: a certain Peter.

Popilius Heracla's marble tomb was unearthed under the foundations of St. Peter's. And for the first time in a good 15 centuries the name of Popilius was heard of.

Pope Pius XI had expressed a wish that his own remains be laid near the tomb of his namesake, Pius X, in the crypt below St. Peter's. Accordingly, after his death on Feb. 10, 1939, the *Secretary of State* of the Fabbbrica of St. Peter's set about

fulfilling the Pope's request. He found a suitable spot in the crypt near the pilaster of St. Andrew, one of the four that support the great dome in the basilica above. In that spot the remains of Pope Pius XI rest today.

The *Secretary Econome*, Monsignor Kaas, was a practical man. There would be call for more tombs as time went on. The crypt must be enlarged. He had workmen begin clearing away rubble in various directions under the pavement of St. Peter's. Soon they had six long passageways dug under the south nave. Then, to facilitate the removal of the debris and to have a way to bring excavation equipment down, he cut an exit between the crypt and the street. Other passageways were dug in various directions under the pavement of the great basilica.

There was another practical point. The war brought the possibility of bombs on Rome. In that event the subterranean tunnels could be used as air-raid shelters, not only for the citizens of the Vatican State but for the people of Rome. Monsignor Kaas decided to lower the floors of the crypt for more air and room to walk without stooping.

However, shortly after this operation commenced, it was discovered that some of the pillars and a portion of the wall of the basilica rested, not on solid ground, but on filled-in portions of a previous building. If the excavations continued, some of the foundations would be left sus-

pended in empty air, and endanger the whole structure of St. Peter's. At once the foundations were shored up with steel girders and reinforced concrete. That done, the excavations went on.

Between 1939 and the present, the basilica's foundations have been methodically undermined by a group of expert archaeologists, at the suggestion of Pope Pius XII. It was a task so delicate that miscalculation might have brought Bramante's and Michelangelo's great basilica tumbling to the ground. But the decade of careful excavation has brought its rewards, not so much new discoveries as strong confirmation of what has been the constant Christian tradition. The stones of 15 and 20 centuries ago have been summoned to bear witness to the truth: that Peter's martyred body was laid in this spot to await the resurrection and that the basilica actually is his mausoleum.

When the archaeologists lowered the floor of the crypt at a point under the south nave of the basilica, they found a wall of brick, and embedded in the wall, the façade of a beautiful marble mausoleum. Soon more such tombs appeared, pagan Roman tombs for the most part. Columns and masonry were found among them, the remnants of the older basilica built by Constantine the Great in the 4th century.

So it was found that Constantine, in laying the foundations for the first basilica, had not made use of

the level and well-trampled terrain of Nero's circus. That would have seemed more logical, because it was the site of St. Peter's death. Nor did he make use of the wall of the circus as had previously been supposed. Instead he undertook the gigantic operation of filling in an entire cemetery on the Vatican hillside, packing earth and rubble in the narrow avenues between the pagan mausolea, and on this he laid his foundations for the old basilica. Why? He would never have gone to such seemingly needless expense and trouble except that the cemetery contained the tomb of someone held in the highest veneration, that of St. Peter himself. Thus the old tradition, that after Peter's death in the circus, Peter had been buried in a nearby cemetery, seemed to be confirmed by archaeological fact.

But what about the tomb of St. Peter? Where exactly do his remains lie? In front of the main altar in the present basilica there is a sunken semicircle with stairs leading down to an altar. This spot is called the *Confessio*. Here, according to Christian tradition, is the tomb of St. Peter. The explorations in the crypt worked their way un-

der the *Confessio*, and found another altar immediately below the present altar, and below that a third altar as much as to declare that this spot has been considered the resting place of St. Peter at least from the time of Constantine. The *Confessio* takes its name from the carved Latin text high in the dome over the main altar: "Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my Church." Those words of Christ take on a literal and a local meaning in the light of what Pope Pius XII said on the last Sunday of January, 1949: "Under the central point of the great cupola was and is the place of St. Peter's burial." St. Peter's basilica is literally built upon the Rock.

To return to Popilius Heracla. Among the tombs in that pagan Roman cemetery was found a long Latin inscription explaining that Popilius Heracla, because of his love for the circus in life, had wished to be interred here in this cemetery close by the circus of Nero. His epitaph established the fact that the site of the circus (and of St. Peter's martyrdom) was close by this ancient cemetery upon which is built St. Peter's Basilica today.

Bridge of Sighs

A LITTLE GIRL listened quietly while her mother's bridge club spent an entire afternoon discussing aches, pains, the faults of friends, and troubles of the world. Afterward the child said to her mother, "Next time those ladies come, let's talk happy!"

Zion Herald as reproduced in Quote, Jan. 22, '50



*You can buy 'em for a song, but the catch is high upkeep
and booby traps—you might have to swim to bed*

Mansions for Sale—Cheap

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Condensed from the *Marianist**

YOU DON'T have to *dream* you dwelt in marble halls. Anybody with a few extra dollars can pick up a palace for peanuts. All right, quite a few extra dollars, but they're still bargains.

A \$2 million French château on Long Island went for \$100,000 even before the war. A \$1½-million estate in Connecticut brought a grudging \$58,000 last year. Right now, for a trifling \$175,000 you can pick up a 90-room New Jersey cottage built by the wealthy father of five children who, as each child was born, added six or eight rooms to his original multimillion-dollar showplace. All you have to do, sir, is face the upkeep, mortgage and taxes on such a plaything. All your wife has to do is keep it clean.

The railroad wealth of the 90's and the stock-market wealth of the 20's that built those places began to feel the pinch right after 1929. Since then, higher income taxes have eaten deeper into incomes. Domestic

help, too, is scarce and costly. So the rich are unloading. But an army of buyers is growing steadily. How come?

That question is one only an outfit like Previews, Inc., swank New York realtors, could answer, and even they aren't too sure. Previews was born in 1934, when the dumping of big homes became a wildfire, mid-depression fad. Previews is the place you go to if you have a gold-plated island you want to get rid of, a baronial 1,000-acre place with a medieval 150-room Rhenish castle parked on it, or a fairly modern suburban trinket in the \$100,000 class. You pay the boys 5% of the price you're asking, in advance, and then 2% of the price you get, and that's that.

Today you can buy, usually for around 20% of what they cost, the shuttered, minareted dreams of wealthy men who suddenly realized they were not quite wealthy enough. You'll find them in the Carolina

valleys and the Pennsylvania hills. Some perch on western mountain tops, some snuggle in dreamy jungles of the South. Others gleam from coastal promontories and islands right out of the Odyssey. In the woods of Maine and deep into Canada are hunting lodges for a king and manor houses that could sleep a regiment. But most of the big stuff is concentrated in the tight little region of Long Island, southwestern Connecticut, and the Hyde Park country of Dutchess and Westchester counties in lower New York state. And most of it is for sale.

Who is buying the white elephants? When the depression began, you couldn't give 'em away. That's why they had to rip down the massive Charles Schwab mansion in Manhattan last year. From a cost of nearly \$3 million, the place had fallen to a \$375,000 asking price. There were no takers.

But since shortly before the war most of the others have been going like orchids at a nickel each. Big but quiet buyers are Religious Orders that convert them into seminaries and retreat houses. Some areas have strict rules about keeping up the grounds, but Religious groups meet this expensive demand by doing most of their own work.

One highly manicured region on Long Island fought to oust some holy men who had barely moved into a huge estate some wealthy woman had left them. Letting the grounds go to pot, was the charge.

The bequest hadn't included gardeners' salaries, so the mouse-poor clerics rolled up their sleeves and pitched in themselves. The suit was pressed anyway. Then, one night, a high wind fanned a gardener's fire on a near-by estate into an inferno that menaced the master's villa. The clerics went over to battle it. They saved their neighbor's mansion, though two of them wound up in the hospital. That was the end of the lawsuit. Mysteriously, the hospital bills came in marked *Paid*. Ever since then, gardeners from surrounding estates take turns working on the holy men's grounds. They have been so directed.

Swank private schools, of course, are only too glad to buy into the haunting glamour of old mansions, if the price is right. Shadowbrook, at Long Branch, N. J., is a dazzling example. It was built by a lonely bachelor with a flair for marble paneling from all over the world and gold fixtures in the bathrooms. The \$4-million palace had served President Wilson as a summer home and many other notables as a way station of distinction in their wanderings. It went to the township for \$125,000 back taxes. Then, in the dark 30's, the owners of a young ladies' finishing school scooped it up for less than \$100,000. Gone are the gold taps, of course, but the marble's still there.

Industries have grabbed a surprising number of mansions as rest homes for their employees. A varia-

tion on this was the sad tale of the Kahn estate at Syosset, N. Y. It has a 100-room French château on its 1,000 acres, and had been offered to the federal government by the builder's widow as a summer White House. But the government doesn't want those fat palaces, because it loses the taxes they bring and it has to pay the enormous maintenance costs when it takes such a "gift." So the place went begging till New York City's Sanitation department finally paid \$100,000 for it, renamed it, unimaginatively, Sanita Lodge, and made it a week-end playground for street cleaners and their families. Right away the township moved to nullify the deal on grounds of tax loss, won, and ousted New York's whitewings. Today the big estate has been subdivided for small homes. The château is gone, and only the golf course, bought by a private club for a few thousand dollars, now remains to mark the wealth that was.

Government research laboratories are engaged in a dispersal program. Small but vastly important and secret government projects are in progress back of tall hedges, gravelled drives, fancy iron grillwork and marble façades. Typical of industrial moves in this direction is the Reynolds Metals Co.'s metallurgical labs on the old Frank Woolworth estate at Glen Cove, Long Island. In upper-crust estate country, they've set up the labs in a new low building that matches the mansion and

easily escapes notice. In the mansion itself, where his hobby is adjusting and playing the two-story-high electric organ that went with the deal, the lab chief lives with his staff, now and then throws a party to lay the ghosts of bygone splendor. The mansion cost in the millions. Reynolds got it for less than the combined salaries of its present inhabitants.

Most of the other buyers are either speculators who want to subdivide landscaped acres for small homes, keeping the manor house as a community center or razing it, or else *nouveaux riches* who made their pile during the war. Both will pay about the same price, though the war-rich new buyers, if they try to staff their new homes, are sorry sooner. Maids come high these days, and guess how many you need to keep a 60-room cottage cozy.

One smart operator beat the rap his own way. Previews last year was asking \$575,000 for an ultra-swank place built in 1937 at a cost of \$1,750,000. Because it was on an island off the coast of Bermuda and, as the buyer pointed out, inaccessible to servants, he got it for \$360,000. The day after he moved in he brought over a boatload of native help from Jamaica, B. W. I., where he owns a plantation.

Some of the massive dwellings have features which make them easy to sell in one way, tough in another. There is a palatial hunting lodge of 80 rooms buried in the

fastnesses of the Maine woods, near the Canadian border, which cost about \$1½ million to build in the late 20's. You can pick it up today for less than \$½ million, but one of its main attractions for male buyers somehow gives their wives the willies. The mighty paneled living room has a teakwood floor studded at intervals with thick plates of pure quartz about a yard square. Look down through these and you can see fish of every tropical variety swimming underfoot. The ladies don't like 'em, for some reason, and it would cost too much to rip the tanks out and re-lay the floor. To date it has cost almost as much as a new floor to feed the fish and show "buyers," who never buy.

In the Jersey Hills is a gloomy alcazar with only 40 rooms, but big ones. One reason it's still on the block at just \$235,000 is that eight marble stalls for horses give right onto the main ballroom. Art lovers lament the destruction of old houses, because workmen had devoted most of their lives to some of the ornamentation that you couldn't replace today for a rajah's ransom. But when you learn that realtors can't

get \$100,000 for a weird manse in New England because leering demons peer from marble walls and ceilings in each of its 75 rooms, you lose some of your appetite for art.

The echoing kitchens, labyrinthine wine cellars, vast dining halls, spacious, sunny bedrooms, silent elevators, awesome private chapels, and solid construction of a vanishing era are today available for prices that would have made their builders weep. But even holy men, street cleaners, swank educators, industrialists, and the newly rich draw the line somewhere, no matter how good the bargain. That line is probably drawn right down the dining room of a sprawling mansion in western Massachusetts. Between the living room and the sleeping wing of this castle lurks a tremendous, dark, deep swimming pool, with only a narrow ledge along one side to guide you to your bedroom. The place cost over a million to build in the 90's, but the possibility of involuntary indoor aquatics has somehow made it one of the few turkeys on *Previews'* books. They think it a steal at \$100,000. Prospects take one look and shudder.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE gave a 50-acre wooded plot for a park to Emporia, Kansas, and agreed to beautify it for five years. In delivering the deed, he said: "This is the last kick in a fistful of dollars I am getting rid of. I have tried to teach people there are three kicks in every dollar: one when you make it; one when you save it; and one when you give it away. The biggest kick of all is this last one."

Edmond M. Kerlin, *Telescope Messenger*

*There isn't much to do about this disease
except be glad it isn't worse*

That Cold-Sore Virus

By PHILIP and EMILY MORRISON

Condensed from the *Scientific American**

COLD SORES mystified doctors for many years. The theory that a virus causes them was first brought forward in 1912. But most research men scoffed. How could herpes (cold sores) be caused by a virus? A typical virus disease, measles for instance, begins with fever, running nose and spots in the mouth, and a rash appears all over the body. The disease spreads very readily, and nearly everybody gets it upon his first close contact with an infected person. Usually it attacks a person only once.

But cold sores behave in an entirely different way. They recur throughout a person's lifetime, usually in exactly the same place. They apparently do not spread readily from one person to another.

In 1939, however, findings by Katharine Dodd, L. M. Johnston and G. J. Buddingh at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine confirmed the virus theory. They detected an infectious organism in infants suffering from a common form of sore mouth. They did not see the typical herpes blisters on the

If that old cold sore came back on your lip and bothered you for awhile lately, you are pretty much like everyone else. Cold sores come from a virus, and the natural habitat of the herpes virus is man. It is just as much at home in man as the mistletoe is on the oak. The creature gets its food and shelter from the human body. From its own point of view it is extremely successful, for it invades almost every human being, is never dislodged, and is spread constantly to new hosts.

children. But they did discover herpes antibodies in the children's blood.

Spurred by their experiments, Dr. Frank M. Burnet, an Australian virologist, and other investigators began a long, painstaking series of measurements of herpes antibodies. They hoped to prove that herpes was a virus infection.

Antibodies, one of man's major defenses against disease, are manufactured by the human body in different forms. Each infectious disease has its own variety of antibody. It

comes with the disease and helps to fight it off.

Most normal adults have antibodies against herpes. Usually a person who has antibodies is immune from a second attack of the disease. But the investigators found that herpes antibodies do not immunize the patient; he may still have repeated attacks of cold sores. On the other hand, some people who have no herpes antibodies never get cold sores. The herpes antibodies show another peculiarity. In many diseases, the amount of antibodies varies under different conditions. A mild infection produces a moderate concentration of antibodies. After a severe infection the patient at first has many antibodies, then few, and finally none. In herpes, however, the investigators found that there are either a great number of antibodies or none at all. No one who had ever had a cold sore failed to show a large number of antibodies. A comparable concentration was found in some people who could not remember having had the blisters. Persons who have herpes antibodies seem to keep them in their blood for life, and even for some time after death.

With these facts at hand, the picture of the herpes virus began to take definite shape. The investigators determined by filtration that the virus is about .0000059 of an inch in diameter. It first appears in young children, usually in the form of a mild sore mouth. Once it attacks you, it stays with you until death.

though it makes its presence known only by occasional blisters or not at all. If you escape herpes as a child, it is unusual to acquire it as an adult, but it can be done.

Dr. Burnet's group positively identified herpes as an infectious disease, like measles, mumps or any other virus infection. It is different only in that it persists all through life, almost without symptoms. Only occasionally, when the resistance of the body is lowered by fever, a cold, or some emotional strain, do the infected cells of the lip, where the virus lives, break down into blisters.

The main reason this parasite gets along so well is that it does not do much damage to man. If you carry herpes virus always with you and suffer only an occasional blister, the virus lives happily with you for a long time and has splendid opportunities to grow and spread.

Measles and other virus diseases are constantly present in all large communities. There are major measles epidemics at about three-year intervals. The disease spreads rapidly, but after a comparatively short time it confers long-time immunity on those who recover. By the age of 20, approximately 85% of the population in a civilized country have had the disease. Second attacks are unusual. The measles virus can survive indefinitely in a city because there are always new people to carry and spread it among a constant new crop of children who have no immunity. It would have a

hard time surviving in an isolated family or a small tribe of cave dwellers or nomads. If the group were infected from some outside source, all of its members would be sick, the survivors would be immune, and the disease would die out.

The herpes virus, on the other hand, is self-perpetuating. It is the only known virus disease in which a woman who had the disease as a child can infect her own children many years later, and they in turn infect their children. Thus the virus can be forever transmitted even

within a single isolated family.

So this newly found living form, the herpes virus, is not new at all. It is probably older than the pyramids or the ancient plagues, older than writing or even fire. It is undoubtedly one of the oldest domesticated organisms we know. The occasional cold sore on your lip shows a slight disturbance of the nice balance between 10,000 generations of men and countless generations of the little parasites. On the whole, men and herpes have got on pretty well together.

On the Way—"Merciful Release"

"SHALL we call the doctor for mother?"

"Why, John, you don't mean . . . ?"

"No, of course not. To try to cure her, I meant."

"Who would you call? She's far too sick for Dr. Rigor. He simply can't stand suffering, you know."

"Oh, no, I wasn't thinking of him. Or young Dr. Mortis, either. He's so sympathetic, you have to watch him like a hawk, they say, when he's around a sick person."

"Yes, I heard he 'released' a patient by mistake last week while the nurse was out of the room. They say he felt terrible about it afterwards. Wouldn't even accept the fee for it."

"Well, we certainly can't let him in the house. Mother wouldn't last a minute. Isn't there any doctor we could trust?"

"Oh, say, I believe that new doctor down the street is a Catholic. You know, the Catholics won't kill anyone. Even on request. I understand it's against their religion."

"Well, let's call him. Maybe he'll help mother get well."

"O.K., but don't tell mom he's a Catholic; you know how she feels about them."

"But if she thinks it's a regular doctor coming to. . . . It will scare her to death."

"We will have to tell her we've called a Catholic doctor, but we can tell him to keep his religion out of this. Just make mom well."

"But, honey, if he keeps his religion out of it he might do like all the rest."

"Oh, the devil, get him over here. Tell him to bring his religion, but leave that needle at home."

Indiana Catholic and Record.

*The flower of Irish youth will stay home after this project
for the Irish countryside takes its full effect*



Ireland Builds for Tomorrow

By DOUGLAS HYDE

Condensed from *The Sign**

BANSHA, County Tipperary, stands in a valley surrounded by beautiful but not very productive countryside. The village itself is a tiny, rather shabby place. It is half a century since the last house was built there. There are two or three dozen small cottages, many of them apparently modeled after the average English cattle shed: low, one-story buildings with diminutive windows, and doors which stand open all day even in the coldest weather.

Bansha, in fact, looked just like a typical remote Irish village. Ireland's young men and women leave their homeland to work in England and elsewhere to get away from such villages.

But it was just because I knew that Bansha no longer is typical that I jumped at the chance of going there. The name of Bansha has become known not only throughout Ireland but in England and the U.S. as well.

As I stood, feeling just a little disillusioned, a factory whistle suddenly started up. It was a sound you would not expect to hear in such a village; in tone and volume it was worthy of the largest of city factories. Men and women poured out of their cottages and made their way to what had until quite recently been a 200-year-old abandoned mill. Today it is the home of Bansha Rural Industries, Ltd.

Bansha has three things to mark it off from other Irish villages. It has the factory; it has electricity; it has hope. It is the home of one of the most significant movements in Ireland today, *Muintir na Tíre*, or "People of the Land."

This Rural Life movement began with the activities of Father J. M. Hayes, who is today its president. Father Hayes had spent some years as a parish priest in Liverpool, a very conscious Irish exile longing to get back to his native land. The longer he remained away from Ireland, the

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. January, 1950.

more he tended to see his country through rose-colored glasses.

Then an opportunity came for him to return, and he took up parish work in Bansha. He saw at once the need of reviving village life without destroying its Irish and Catholic character.

Ireland's inability to keep her young men and women at home has been one of her greatest social problems for many years. The majority of her population consists of small farmers whose holdings are often not big enough to support their large families. There is nothing but emigration for those who cannot find work.

But time after time, young people who go from the intensely Catholic atmosphere of Ireland to the very different and almost entirely pagan atmosphere of English cities lose their faith. Father Hayes had seen it in practice and believed something had to be done.

The movement he founded in 1933 aims to improve rural economy, modernize farming methods, and provide alternative jobs where the land cannot support all of a local population. Father Hayes planned it to be an economic, social, productive, recreational, and spiritual movement. For some years he was too busy getting the organization going to be able to do a great deal about Bansha itself. But now his program is more and more changing the life of the village. And what is happening there is typical of many

villages and small towns all over Ireland.

Early in 1948, half a dozen of Bansha's young girls had obtained their papers to leave for England, another half dozen were thinking of following suit. Father Hayes decided the exodus could be halted. He persuaded the local *Muintir na Tire* parish council, which had been set up some time before, to buy the old mill which disfigured the countryside. On the advice of a friendly industrialist, it was decided to turn it into a jam factory.

One of the village men was sent to Dublin to be trained in the manufacture of jams and similar products. He was the future factory manager. At the expense of the parish council, a woman was later trained in the same way.

A single floor was put into the old mill as a start, and a small company was formed to run the factory on cooperative lines. Shares were made available to all the local population. Those who could not afford to buy shares outright formed clubs into which they paid a small sum each week until the shares were paid for. Almost every adult member of the parish became a shareholder.

The factory came into full production in October, 1948. "Full production" at that time meant just three or four jam vats working all day, backed-up with a small bottle-washing machine and a boiler, but much has been added to the plant as it has become better established.

Bansha Rural Industries today employs many permanent workers, has a steadily increasing output of jam and jelly crystals, and is about to launch out into the production of sauces, salad dressing, and soft drinks, which will require more plant and a larger staff.

Among the workers are the young girls who had formerly taken out their papers to go to England. There is hardly one working there who would have remained in the village had it not been for the little, commonly owned factory which is giving them employment and a reason for remaining at home.

But the factory is only one small aspect of the work of *Muintir na Tire* in Bansha. Along with the factory, fruit trees were obtained, and sold at a low price throughout the parish. Four hundred farmers took the opportunity to grow fruit. It is intended that they should sell the fruit that they harvest direct to their own factory.

The small village hall has been made a social center conducted by the Rural Life parish council. The village now has two bands, and dances are held in the hall regularly. A library and a drama circle also function at the center.

A poultry scheme hopes to make every parish member a poultry keeper. There had for many years been a tradition that poultry should be left to the women, and that no self-respecting man would ever be seen handling fowl. An agent from the

Ministry of Agriculture was summoned to describe up-to-date poultry-keeping methods. Today almost every home has its poultry kept along modern lines.

Then a veterinary was brought to the village to test every animal in the parish. A campaign for healthier livestock was started. Some villagers were at first suspicious about it, but today it has the support of all. At no point has there been any compulsion, but gradually old prejudices have been broken down and the people have opened their doors to new ideas.

Then came the soil-testing man. Again there had to be a campaign to make him popular, but the obvious value of his proposals was recognized, and today the soil of every field in the parish is being tested, and the farmers are advised about the best fertilizers.

Perhaps the biggest job the Rural Life parish council has done has been to put electricity in the village. Again, as in all the council's work, the job has been done on a voluntary basis, with government help but not as a government project.

The average Irish village is still without electric light of any sort, and its single street becomes drearily dark and depressing as night falls.

But on the corner occupied by its jam factory, Bansha has a big light hanging out over the road. And there is light in every home, without exception, down to the smallest and shabbiest of the cottages.

The way in which the electricity project was carried through was typical of the movement's approach. The parish council started an electrification fund. Then the entire project was paid for by the council. Those who could afford to pay were expected to contribute their full share of the cost. Where it was impossible for the occupant of a cottage to meet the cost, the wiring was done entirely free of charge. A piped water supply is planned for the village by the same method.

The life of a farmer in Ireland and elsewhere has in recent years tended to be taken up more and more with the signing of forms. Rural Life has found a cure for that. An agent has been brought to the village, and his job is to fill out all forms, from applications for government grants or licenses to income tax statements. Instead of puzzling over official documents, the farmers simply take them to the agent, who handles the whole procedure.

Bansha's biggest job is still to be done. That job is new housing. For, although the life of the people is improving steadily, the improvement is not reflected in their homes, which were built in days when nothing was considered too bad for the Irish farm worker.

The parish council is the basic organization of *Muintir na Tire*. All the people in a given parish constitute the parish guild, which elects the council on a vocational basis. Father Hayes and his associates real-

ized that election by a show of hands would result in the best-known farmers being elected to the council in each parish. His idea was that the council should represent every level of the local population. For this reason, each section of the population elects its own representative. The farmers, farm workers, professional people, the women, and the youth have two representatives each, who are elected by their respective groups. The officers are elected by the whole of the guild, which means, in effect, the entire local population.

Two hundred and twelve such parish councils now exist in various parts of Ireland, and all are attempting the kind of job now being done in Bansha.

The work of *Muintir na Tire* is not confined to the tiny villages. In Bansha's big neighbor, Tipperary, an equally important job is being done.

Tipperary is known to most people because of a military marching song, *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*, which became popular in the days when it was a British garrison town. But when the soldiers marched out of Tipperary, there appeared to be nothing left to justify its existence. The city had a good-sized population which had been brought together for the sole purpose of ministering to the needs of the British garrisons. It had no industries at all. Tipperary became just one big slum, with a phenomenal percentage of its

population chronically unemployed.

To see Tipperary today is still a jarring experience, reminding you of the worst periods of the depression in the early 1930's. Yet *Muintir na Tire* has already succeeded in improving economic and social life in Tipperary.

Two industries have been brought in by the parish council. One is a glove-making concern, the other manufactures linoleum. Both are owned by the local populace, shares having been disposed of in the same way as those of the Bansha jam factory.

Said Father Hayes as we sat together in his rectory, "We've ex-

ported the best of our young men and women long enough. If we can bring new life to our villages and country towns, we shall keep them at home. It is better by far to export our goods than the flower of our youth."

Then he added, with terrific conviction, "But this isn't just a political stunt or a purely economic plan. It is Catholic social teaching in practice. Ireland is the world's powerhouse of Catholicism today. But in addition to sending her priests and missionaries all over the globe, she may yet become a pioneer in the Christian solution of social problems."

Last Words

A GOLFING clergyman had been badly beaten by a young parishioner, and returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled. "Cheer up," said his opponent. "Remember you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the clergyman; "it will be your hole!"

W. C. Birdsong in the *American Legion Magazine* (Jan. '50).

A YOUNG PRIEST, slight, bald, and timid, was sent to preach at the huge church of St. Patrick's in Toledo. He was overawed at the prospect, but obediently went off to his assignment. The St. Patrick's rector, an extrovert, did all he could to make his guest feel at home. But the little priest was still quite worried. He viewed the huge pulpit, and doubt came into his mind. "The pulpit is so big," he said, "that the people won't be able to see me when I preach."

"Don't worry about that, Father," said the rector. "I'll have the janitor put a box in there for you to stand on."

Sunday came, and the little priest trembled as he approached the pulpit. He climbed the steps, stood on the box, and looked out at the jammed audience. Taking a deep breath, he began his text: "A little while and you shall see me no longer. . . ." Crash! The little priest had lost his footing and disappeared.

Edward Francis Mohler.

*Father Berard's work illustrates what missionaries have known
for a long time: you have to start at the bottom*

Scholar of the Navahos

By HAROLD BUTCHER

Condensed from the *Josephinum Review**

SIX O'CLOCK, and the Angelus rings at the Franciscan mission, St. Michael's, Ariz. Soon after, you will see Father Berard Haile saying Mass at a side altar in the mission church.

Father Berard, 75-year-old scholar of the Navaho, will spend most of his day after Mass at his desk, working on his 18th book, *Ghostway*. Or he will be in the St. Michael's press-room with Askie Burbank, Navaho army veteran, the present pressman. He has spent 49 years among the Navahos, in their hogans and at their ceremonies, studying their language and tribal customs, ministering to them as a priest. Now he is a world authority on their beliefs and way of life. For their written language they are greatly indebted to him.

The printing of the 600-page *Navaho Stem Vocabulary*, outcome of Father Berard's researches since

1900, when he entered the Navaho mission field, was a major event at St. Michael's; its publication is a major event in the lives of scholars and others far beyond the confines of this busy mission on the 16-million-acre reservation scattered over three southwestern states. Father Berard's *Vocabulary* goes to the root of each word, many of which are almost archaic among modern Navahos. He has laid a foundation in each stem for definition of the word, applicable to all the dialects used by the Athapaskan Indians from the Bering straits to Old Mexico. It is a monumental work.

The Indians are his friends because he has been with them all these years. He has been present at their day-and-

night-long religious ceremonies. When he describes the Navaho fire dance in one of his books he has



Father Berard

really seen the fire dancers, watched them dancing around their sacred fire, lighting their torches at it, rubbing their bodies with it, slapping their companions with it—seemingly without harm. He has seen the wide-leafed yucca plant apparently grow to maturity in the swift course of a dance; has viewed the "pole which does things" standing by itself on a Navaho blanket, apparently without support. In his books you can catch a glimpse of how this Navaho magic is achieved; you wish you had been present to discover how the wheels go round!

Father Berard studied the Navaho religious background not only because it extended his knowledge of the Navaho language, but because it opened up a way to understand the Navahos.

"I was up at Lukachukai for ten years," he told me. "I knew a lot of the singers and older Navahos. I went into their homes, usually from one home to another. I knew everyone at Lukachukai."

With the help of an interpreter he learned the Navaho legends, the songs and prayers. Indian lore became an open book to him.

He found that Navaho dances are all very practical; their object is healing. Even the war dance is not for the purpose of heating the blood of warriors for the fray, but to exorcise the ghosts of enemies that may have entered Navahos when absent from their own land, the reservation. The meaning and practice of

the Navaho war dance is explained in another book that came from St. Michael's Press in 1946.

Navaho ceremonies are religious in the sense that they call on supernatural powers to produce healing, but, as Father Berard explained to me, the Navahos have no word for *God*. They believe in many deities, each supreme only in his own sphere, but the idea of a Creator of all things is unknown to them.

It is easier to reach the children with Catholic teaching. The Blessed Sacrament Sisters run the remodeled St. Michael's Indian school and the new ultra-modern high school near the mission. At this million-dollar enterprise, 300 boys and girls are being cared for, but the Sisters have to turn down scores of Navaho children for lack of room. The lucky 300 from the mud-and-log hogans are receiving instruction right through grammar and high school in living conditions which must seem like a little bit of heaven. Thanks to Father Berard, a catechism in Navaho is available for the youngsters.

Some of the older Navahos believe that a baby receives a "little wind" sent by the Dawn Woman; that this little wind, when it leaves the body, causes death. Father Berard hopes to change this shadowy belief to a true conception of the soul. His years of research into the Navahos' religion have given him the knowledge to lead them out of the shadows into the fullness of truth.

*Their idea sounds a little naïve at first, but this club
really proved something by actual experiment*

One-Way Ticket to Russia

By LEWIS ALDEN

Condensed from the *Exchangite**

FIVE MEN sat talking at a corner table. Their conversation became animated and intense when it turned to communism. One of the group leaned forward and made a rather standard remark, "I don't know why communists sit around and knock this country but go right on staying here. Why don't they go to Russia if they prefer it to the U.S.?"

"Why doesn't somebody send them?" another asked.

Herschel W. Ward spoke up. "I've got an idea," he announced. "Why doesn't our Exchange club actually send some of them to Russia if that's where they wish to go? I think we can prove," he continued, "that they wouldn't go if they had the chance."

Then and there the "One-way Ticket to Russia" project of the Exchange Club of Chicago was born. With expert legal advice the committee drafted a three-point document to protect the club against exploitation and fraud. To the next meeting of the club the Chicago press was invited. President Shreve

read the offer and its conditions to the membership. Reportorial pencils flew as the terms of the offer were revealed.

"The Exchange Club of Chicago, through its president, Mr. Robert T. Shreve, wishes to announce its willingness to finance a one-way ticket to the nearest point in Russia for any dissatisfied citizen of the U.S. who believes that residence in communist Russia is preferable to residence in our own nation of free peoples. The conditions of this offer are these: 1. The accepting individual must be a citizen of these United States and must renounce that citizenship. He must also furnish an affidavit to the Exchange Club of Chicago and to the Passport division of the State Department that he will never seek to re-enter the U.S. or any of its possessions. 2. The accepting individual must furnish the Exchange Club of Chicago with a detailed history of his or her past life, and must submit to a detailed examination and investigation to make sure that he or she is not a fugitive from justice. 3. The

*Reprinted by permission from the *Exchangite*, official publication of the National Exchange Club, 4th Floor, 335 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio. January, 1950.

accepting individual must agree in writing that, in event of his or her return to the U.S., or any of its possessions, at any time during his or her lifetime, he or she will immediately surrender to proper authorities and enter a plea of guilty to a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses."

The project was enthusiastically adopted by the Chicago Exchangites. One member feared that the club treasury might become insolvent. Still another Exchangite doubted that any "takers" would come forward.

It would cost about \$300 per man to transport "takers" to Russia. An initial \$1,000 of club treasury funds was earmarked for the "One-way Ticket to Russia" project. Members pledged that they and their firms would stand good for any deficits.

On the morning following the offer, the story broke in the Chicago newspapers. On the same day, all Chicago radio stations broadcast the terms of the offer, and the story was carried on the wires of the Associated Press and International News Service.

The next problem was to process the applicants for the "one-way ticket" once they presented themselves.

First the committee designed a comprehensive intelligence form, to be filled out in detail by the applicants. The applicant would be fingerprinted and photographed for the FBI and other law-enforcement

agencies. If after 90 days the applicant had neither been arrested nor made the subject of criminal inquiry, it could be assumed that he was not just trying to elude the police. Next, all applicants were to be obliged to undergo competent psychiatric observation and, further, to satisfy the club itself as to their sanity.

Then, after the requirements had been met, the applicant would be escorted by a club member to the American consulate at Windsor, Canada, where he would renounce his citizenship before the consul and witnesses. After proper passports and visas were arranged, a one-way ticket to the nearest port in Russia would be turned over to the emigrant. Following this, the Soviet-bound traveler would be conducted by train to a Russia-bound ship and his departure duly witnessed.

The procedure was set up. At this juncture, October 27, all the club had to do was wait.

The Exchangites waited, but not for long. Around 10 A.M. on the 27th, the editorial offices of the Chicago *Daily News* received a telephone call from an interested party.

"Say," the voice inquired, "I see in your paper that a bunch of jerks who call themselves the Exchange Club of Chicago are giving free tickets to Russia; are they on the level?"

"Certainly, they're on the level," the newsman replied. "Do you want to apply?"

"Yes," the voice answered. "How do I go about it?"

That was all the *Daily News* man needed. After taking the would-be applicant's name and telephone number, he hung up and called President Robert Shreve. Shreve rearranged his business schedule and agreed to see the man at 10:30 A.M. the next day. Herschel Ward also was asked to be present for the meeting.

Came 10:30, as Ward and Shreve waited in the latter's office. At 10:35, much to the surprise of both men, the applicant actually showed up. He was a neat, presentable looking young man, not at all the type they had expected.

But hardly had the young man been given a seat and introduced when he began fulminating against what he considered the inadequacies, in particular, of President Truman, and, in general, of the U. S.

He roundly damned this nation and concluded his diatribe by charging that "any inmate of an insane asylum could do a better job as President" than Mr. Truman.

The conditions of the offer were read to the applicant in full. He nodded his assent as the three main points were tolled off. When Ward had finished reading, Shreve asked, "Well, how about it?" The young man agreed without reservation: yes, he would renounce his citizenship; yes, he would satisfy them that he was not a fugitive from justice; yes, he would never try to re-

turn to the U. S. "Why should I ever return? I hate the place," he added.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing?" President Shreve demanded. "You realize this is a very serious step you are taking?"

The commie exploded. "I'm 27 years old," he shouted, "and man enough to make my own decisions. I know what I'm doing. Get your investigation over with and give me my ticket." Then he added, "If this is a farce, and if you don't intend to make good on this offer, tell me, and I'll get out of here."

Both Shreve and Ward assured him that their club had every intention of making good on the offer. "And, in view of your attitude," they added, "we would like nothing better than to have the U. S. see the last of you."

The young Red was fingerprinted and given the lengthy intelligence form, plus one of Ward's business cards so that he could find him when he had completed the form. The applicant took the material and left, saying he would get in touch with them soon.

Shortly after lunch, Ward was sitting in his office. He was startled when he looked up and discovered that the "One-way Ticket to Russia" applicant had reappeared.

"I can fill this form out in 20 minutes," he announced.

"Fine," Ward said, "I'll get you a desk and a pen."

Thus equipped, the applicant re-

tired to another office. As good as his word, the young man was back in 20 minutes, but the form was not completed.

"Well?" Ward asked.

The young man shifted nervously. "I don't think I can stand such a close investigation," he said. Then he demanded, "Why do you need all this information? I'm not afraid of any police record, but I just don't want my early life investigated." Ward had expected a stall like this. The man had admitted being a communist sympathizer but had denied membership in the Communist party. It was suspected from the first that he had been sent to Shreve's office by Party headquarters to "call the bluff" of the Exchange club. And now that the trip to Russia was a reality, the commie wanted to back out.

Ward stood up and faced the young communist. "Look, you," he snapped, "when the Exchange club made this offer, we were trying to prove that nobody, not even a professed communist, would prefer life in Russia to life in the U.S.

"You came here to prove we were wrong. The only way you can prove us wrong is to take up our offer. What do you say to that?"

The young man remained in silence for a moment and then replied, "I'll take the form with me and let you have my decision by Monday (Oct. 31)." As the man left the office, Ward guessed that it was the last he would ever see of him.

It was. Score: one applicant down!

The second applicant said that he only wanted to go to Russia for a few years as a fur worker and then come back to the U.S. He added that he spoke Russian with moderate fluency and felt that he could get along all right. But, he said, he was unwilling to renounce his American citizenship and, furthermore, he had every intention of returning home.

The letter concluded with the pious request: "I would still like to go to Russia." The project committee decided to disregard his inquiry, since he appeared to have no idea of what the Exchange club was attempting to accomplish.

The third applicant wrote from a California address with pencil on cheap paper. He said he had a longing for the Soviet way of life. He seemed familiar with all diplomatic procedure relative to departure from the U.S., going as far as to cite the Loss of Nationality act and to quote that portion of the Russian constitution which pertains to "the right of asylum to foreign citizens persecuted for defending the interests of the working people."

The writer expressed his desire for the one-way ticket this way: "The undersigned desires to take advantage of the one-way ticket to Russia because at age 36—and after considering the step for about two years—it is decided that life, both mentally and physically, would be enhanced by citizenship in the

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

He appeared more than willing to cooperate in complying with the conditions of the offer, requesting detailed information as to procedure in renouncing citizenship and submitting to examination. Of condition No. 3 (the no re-entry clause) he said, "I agree herewith not to return to the United States of America, its territories or possessions—except in case of war, in which event I would be on Russia's side."

A check on the applicant's background through the Los Angeles *Examiner* brought this news service dispatch through the teletype: "Regarding the letter accepting one-way trip to Russia offer. Applicant discharged from army for schizophrenia and dementia praecox. We interviewed him and mother, who says he is very sick boy. Presume you wish to drop matter."

One more applicant completes the present roster. All that is known about him at this writing is what little can be gleaned from his very terse letter of inquiry, which demanded to know whether Exchangees were in "useful occupations and not of questionable character."

The main objective of the "One-way Ticket to Russia" project has thus far been realized. The major premise of the offer is that not even an avowed communist would be stupid enough to choose life in Russia over life in the U.S. if given the chance.

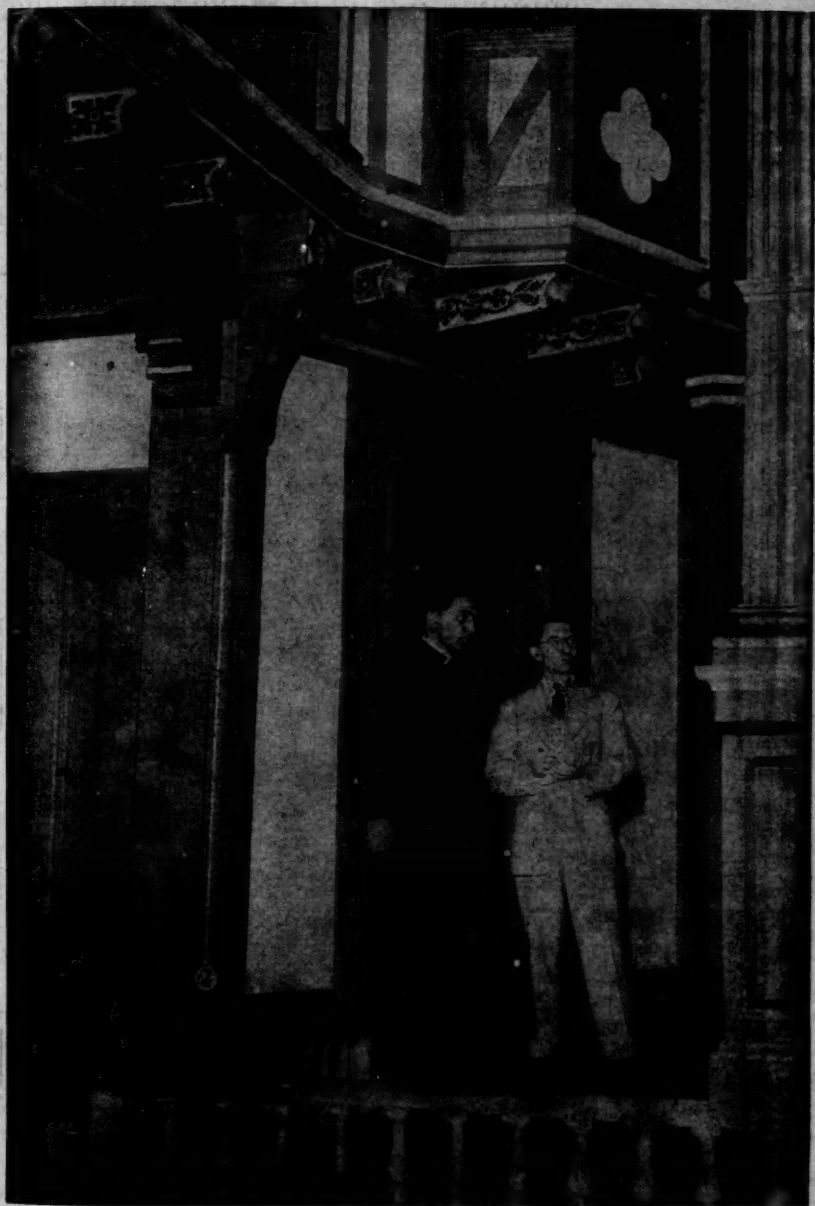
PICTURE STORY

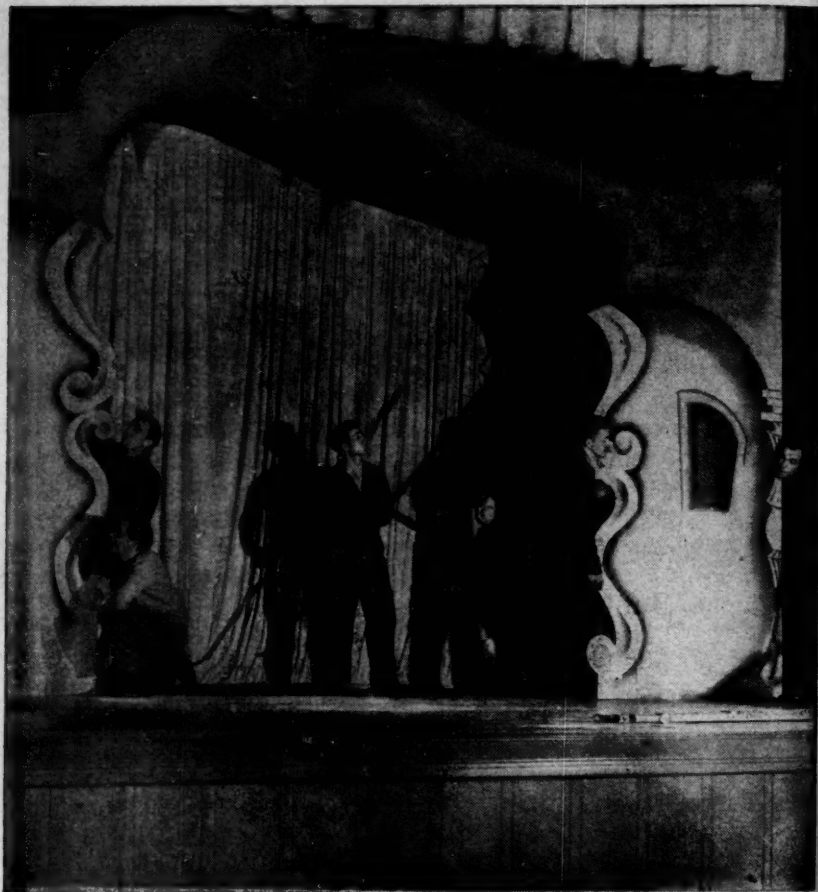
Players, Inc.

THE past theatrical season saw a group of young people from the Catholic University barnstorming half way across the U. S. After playing Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* on stages as far apart as Kentucky and Massachusetts, New York and Minnesota, they finished their tour February 15 at Washington, D.C., in the Elizabethan theatre of the Folger library.

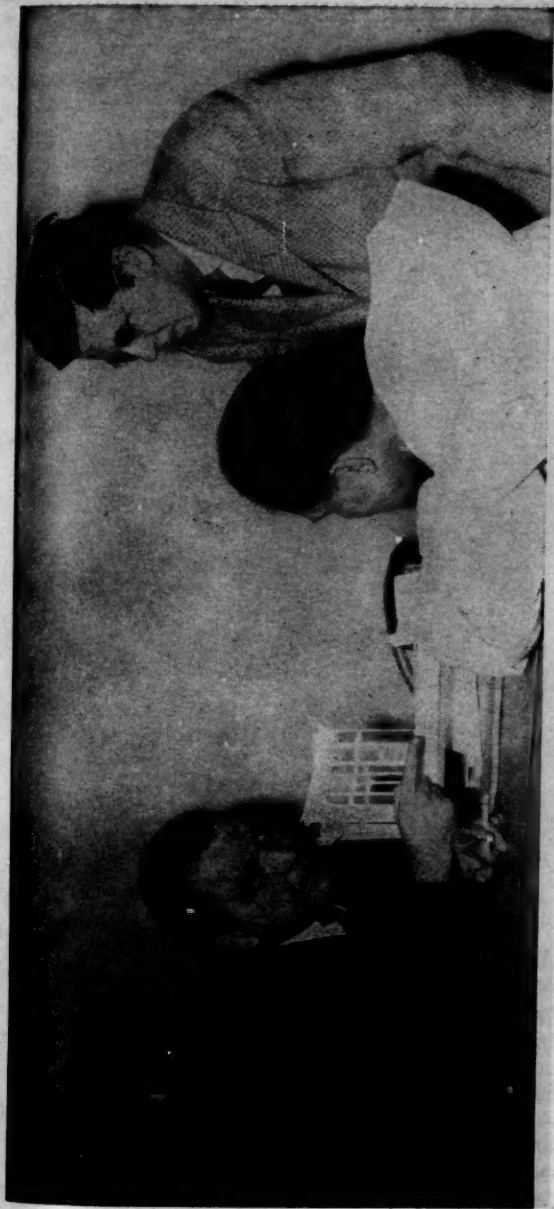
Players, Inc., is the name of the troupe. Some of them are graduates of the University and some are former students who let their studies wait while they went on tour.

Father Gilbert V. Hartke of the University's Speech department and Dr. Louis Wright, curator of the Folger Shakespearean library, had to iron out details before the play could be presented in the Elizabethan theatre, which is built as theatres were in Shakespeare's day. On tour, the company was sponsored usually by a Catholic high school or college which paid the company \$500 in return for the play, the players, scenery, costumes and lights. The sponsor had to furnish the theatre and the audience.

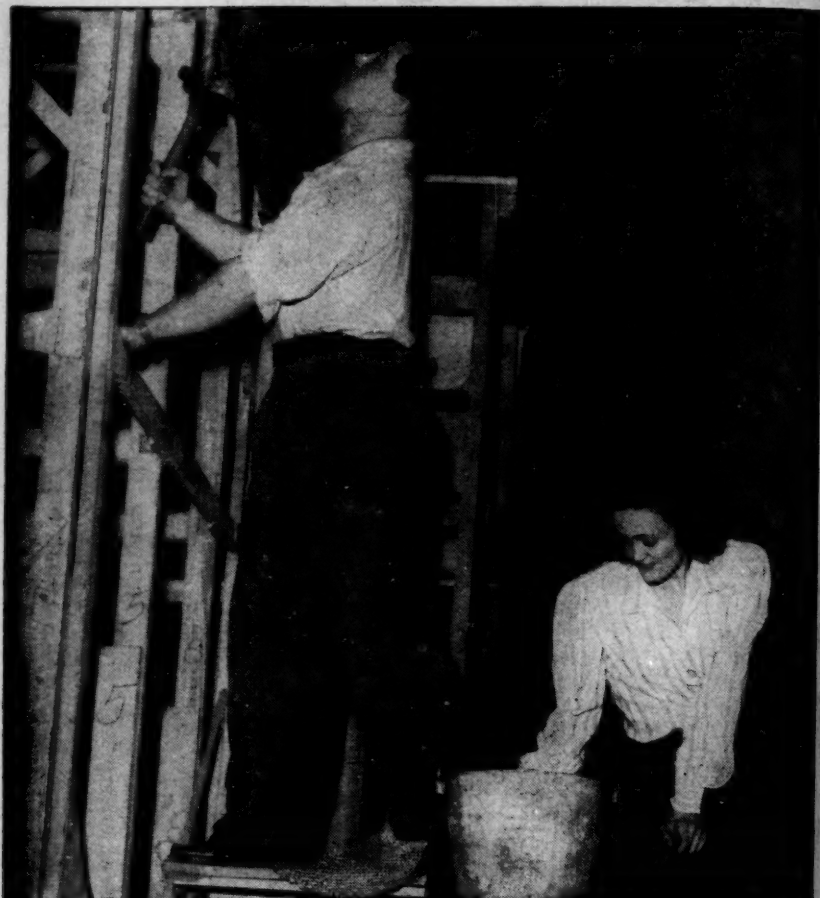




Working under directions from Father Hartke, actors double as stage hands. On tour they become proficient in adapting their scenery to the various stages they must use. Players, Inc., hope that this year's tour will be the first of many. This year they had 88 bookings dating from October 1 to February 15. They are ambitious to increase their repertoire as well as the number of bookings. They hope that they will have three plays to present next year instead of one. And, if all goes well, there is no reason why there should be only one company.



Walter Kerr, author and director of "Touch and Go," now playing to capacity audiences on Broadway, provided the Players' action edition of "Much Ado About Nothing." He carefully checked the settings with Father Hartke and Leo Brady. Brady wrote the novel, "Edge of Doom," and recently sold the screen rights for \$150,000. He teaches speech and drama at the University and has starred in many stage productions of the department. The dim beginnings of the present enterprise were in 1941. A group of students made a two-week tour through the midwest with a panorama of religious scenes from famous plays of the past, called "God's Stage." Walter Kerr arranged that, too.



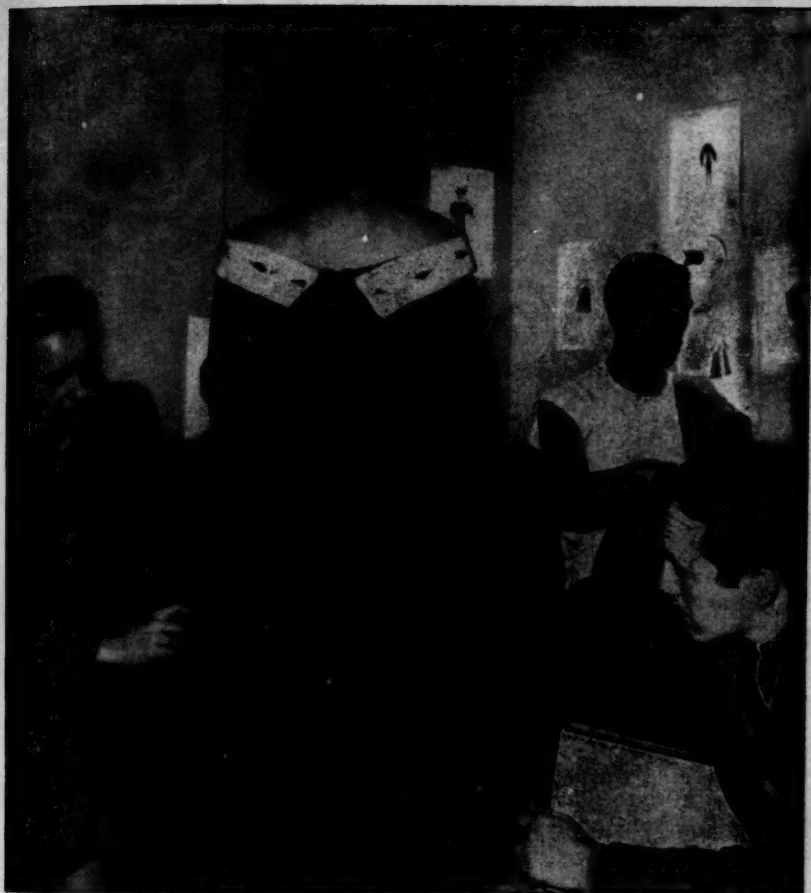
It's all very well to plan settings but that doesn't finish the work to be done. James Waring designed and built the setting for "Much Ado." His special problem was to make one that could be easily carried around by truck and that would withstand the rough handling it would be certain to get on tour. Huldah McNinch painted the sets. Professional experience is provided in many fields besides acting. Incidentally, everybody's enthusiasm for the theatre is well tested by one-night stands and station-wagon travel.



A road company has to know exactly where it is going and that is a matter of fully considered planning. Routes and stops were plotted by Father Hartke with assistance from other members of the group. The old-time road company was a better school for actors than present-day Broadway is. Understudying three parts a season while playing a fourth gave a player more chance of development than a one or two-year stand in the same role in a smash hit does now. Audiences of the traveling company are more responsive.



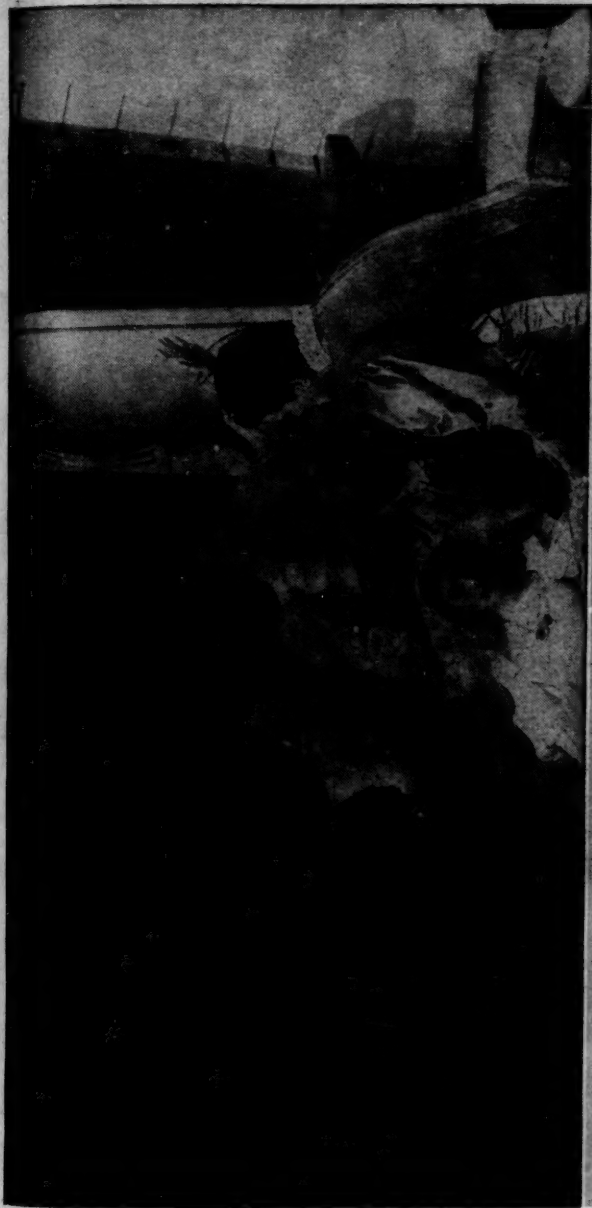
And again, one person's planning means another person's work. You can multiply the number of performances by three when estimating the wear and tear on costumes. They have to be packed and unpacked for every performance of a road show. Girls in the cast do the doubling here. It's just as well that the costumes get the care that only the wearers would give them. Players, Inc., was organized under the speech and drama department of the University, but is entirely on its own in its present ventures.



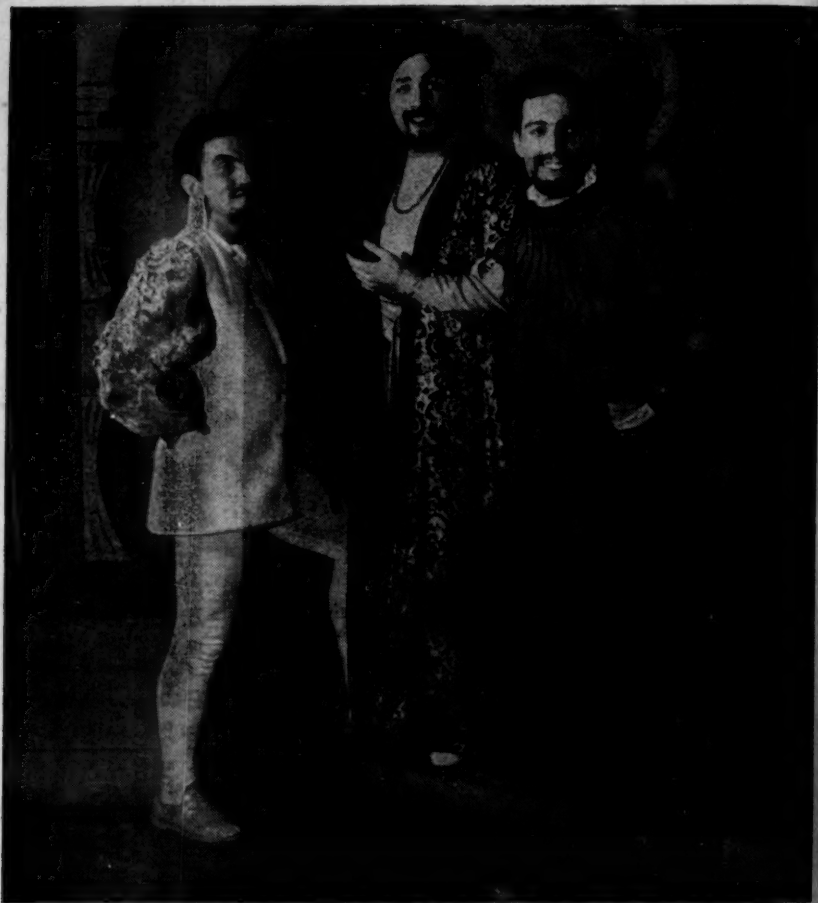
Mary Ann Lacovis made the costumes from designs by Thomas M. Bohen, Jr. We can't tell who that is with her back to the camera nor do we know the name of the young man in the background. There are only two other groups in the U. S. like Players, Inc. They are Barter State Theatre in Virginia which sends companies through its own and a few neighboring states, and a company headed by Margaret Webster, now in its second season. Players, Inc., is the only group of Catholics attempting things on the same scale.



Father Hartke directed the play. Here he deepens the understanding of the players with a few scholarly asides on the kind of characters they are. They will need all the help he can give them. Actors Equity reported that 80% of its membership went unemployed last season. But of course part of the Players, Inc., project is to increase employment for actors—not on highly competitive Broadway but in road shows. They believe that their success will prove that there is room for many other organizations like theirs.



Results of expert coaching show up in the registration of an exciting moment in the play. Each actor takes a different line on the gamut of emotions they are portraying. Players, Inc., are part of a larger movement of "decentralization." But they are one of the few parts of that movement which are in actual existence. They are carrying acted plays out to the people, and so to speak, away from Broadway. As it is now, most of the theatrical traffic reaches only the great cities of the nation. Players, Inc., divert some of it to smaller places.



All dressed up, the boys don't look so bad either. Beards do something for young men. Members of the company give part credit for their success to Shakespeare himself. "Much Ado" was a good choice for a touring road company. It has both broad and intellectual comedy. It is just melodramatic enough to stand comparison with rootin'-tootin' radio serials that many in its audience live by. It is a good introduction for both high school and college students to the work of the English language's greatest dramatist.



Once you get the smell of grease paint in your nostrils you are an actor for life, they say. Maybe the big picture mirrors have something to do with it in the case of young women. Members of the "Much Ado" cast like to remember that the theatre's greatest stars, Macready, Irving, Booth, Tree, Kemble, Davenport, Rehan and Terry, trod the boards ahead of them in this same play. Furthermore, the old-timers in their day worked under just the same conditions, not to say handicaps, that the road company meets now.



A decade of the Rosary and an invocation to St. Genesius, patron of actors, precedes each performance of the Players. Their patron was a Roman actor, a convert and a martyr under Diocletian in 286. Besides the supernatural help they get through prayer, they get assistance from Catholic University alumni in making bookings. The background they have in the speech and drama department of the University, famous across the country, is also of great material benefit. All in all, the opportunity furnished young actors by Players, Inc., is found nowhere else in this country.

*Nationalism is healthy only in Moscow, and
elsewhere it means something else*

Three Traitors to What?

By LILY DOBLHOFF

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

RAJK of Hungary, Kostov of Bulgaria and Gomulka of Poland, former heroes of communist history, were all condemned as traitors. The odd thing is that it was the "traitors" themselves who were sticking faithfully to the basic principles of communist internationalism. They fell into disgrace because their internationalism conflicted with the nationalism of the Kremlin.

The Cominform and the Politbureau attacked Rajk, Kostov, and Gomulka as "nationalists." But that charge must be translated to get its real meaning.

The Russian, as well as the Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish, and Rumanian press is full of attacks against cosmopolitanism, the enemy No. 1. But the Western peoples are made to believe that the sin for which ardent communists are condemned to death is nationalism.

Rajk, Kostov, and Gomulka had to be condemned because they maintained the old line of internationalism. They desired that their father-



lands be members of the great communist community, not the slaves of another country.

Only since the trials of these men has it begun to dawn on European minds what the elimination of Trotsky really meant. It was then that deviation

really started, but it was the Kremlin that deviated from the original principles of communism.

What do we know of those men, who, after having enjoyed the absolute confidence of the all-powerful party, after having been lauded as "heroes of Socialism," have now been labeled as the greatest traitors to the same party?

Laszlo Rajk was a slender man who seemed to be consumed by a burning passion aflame in his eyes, a merciless fanatic who accepted but one rule and one rule only: communism. It was for the sake of communism that this man tore himself from his family, from his country, and went to Spain to fight in the ranks of the International Brigade. This man, after the Spanish Civil war, returned home, but only to

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Jan. 6, 1950.

fight again for the communist ideal. He wished to integrate Hungary into the great International of communism.

That is why he stayed in Hungary and did not take refuge in Moscow, where many outstanding members of the party gathered while their countries were under nazi rule. The men who fled to Moscow learned while there to accept the omnipotence and the unquestioned leadership of the Kremlin. Naturally they came back opposing the men who had fought at home for world-communism.

The *Szabad Nep* (Free People), official organ of the Hungarian Communist party, published in August, 1947, a eulogy to "Rajk, Hero of Liberty." The same paper, in 1949, wrote of him as "traitor to the cause, and a vermin to be exterminated."

Rajk was the man who, with unswerving cruelty, organized the political police in Hungary. He built up the famous and dreaded Budapest "Ljublanka," the famous seat of the GPU in the Hungarian capital. He, with diabolic cunning, prepared and staged the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty. How could such a man have become the enthusiastic cat's-paw of Western democracy and capitalism? No. The West should not indulge in wishful thinking. If Rajk had been allowed to remain alive, he would have gone on fighting for world communism with every means at his disposal, and he

would have wished to see Western Europe under communist rule—though not under Russian domination.

Another of the doomed deviationists, the Bulgarian Traicho Kostov, was a man about 50, who, unlike the slim and daggerlike Rajk, was thick-set, broad, and rather fattish. At the age of 20 he joined the illegal communist movement in Bulgaria at its very birth, so that everybody considered Traicho Kostov and Bulgarian communism to be one. While Rajk studied primarily the evolution of communism in the West, Kostov became an expert on communist theories in the economic field. It was the economic problem of Bulgaria that finally caused his downfall.

When war broke out, Kostov also did not wish to leave his country; he repeatedly stated that he did not wish to seek refuge in Moscow and desired to go on fighting in the country itself. At that time he became secretary-general of the illegal Communist party in Bulgaria. He was arrested in 1942. After the first questioning to which he was submitted, he feared, seeing the methods used, that he would eventually be forced to give away the names of his comrades (Dimitrov and Kolarov). He sprang out of the fourth-floor window, choosing suicide instead of betrayal. But he survived the jump and, though in prison for the next five years, he organized communist cells there.

But even Kostov fell into disgrace in 1947 when he sent economic reports to the Soviet emphasizing the needs of Bulgaria. At the very moment that Soviet rulers decided to demand full subjection from the People's Democracies, a man like Kostov was doomed.

The Polish Gomulka, a bespectacled, small man of 46, looks like an intellectual, and used to be secretary-general of the Chemical Trade union. But he is actually of peasant origin, and he never overlooks an opportunity to stress this fact. Gomulka, too, remained in his country during the German occupation and never became a Soviet citizen. This man, who was known all over the country when he fought illegally in the underground, was attacked in September, 1948, for "nationalist deviation." Now he has been expelled from the Central Committee of the party. The Polish communist paper writes of him that "he has tried to undermine the confidence of the masses in the Soviet Union." When Serge Karsky, a highly progressive French journalist who attended the Rajk trial in Budapest, asked a former Hungarian communist, who had been a party member for long years, "What is a 'reactionary' in Hungary?" he answered: "It is a man who does not like the Russians."

The Kremlin made use of the three for so long a time because it needed men who had shared the hardship of nazi terror and who

were popular for some "legendary" deed, such as Kostov's jump from the window, or the home-coming of Rajk, who, as soon as he could manage it, traveled all the way back to Hungary in a canoe on the Danube, and unexpectedly appeared at an underground meeting of the anti-nazi resistance.

"Moscow-minded" or "cosmopolitan-minded": that is the question, not a rebellion based on patriotism. The real issue is the unquestioned and almighty leadership of the Kremlin. Rajk, Kostov, and Gomulka all felt that the nationalism against which they had fought when they were in the Communist International now was considered to be wrong in Poland, Hungary or Bulgaria, but was, at the same time, right for Soviet Russia.

Rajk, Kostov, and Gomulka are but symbols of the great purpose alive in the minds of Soviet rulers since the case of Trotsky. The masters of the Kremlin do not even bother to invent new charges to eliminate the men who have become useless for their purposes: they have them repeat the same chain of self-accusations everywhere. Accusations and trials, in whatever country they are staged, are completely similar to prewar Soviet purges; the Hungarian, Bulgarian, or Polish men confess exactly as did Yagoda or the old Bolsheviks in 1936-38. The Politbureau seems to disdain Western reactions to such an extent that it does not even trouble to use new

tricks. It keeps to a monotonous pattern, with the same "sins," the same "confessions," repeated like a litany—the one real sin being that none of these men was a "Muscovite." They were not Soviet citizens, they were—and wished to remain—International communists in Hungary, Bulgaria or Poland.

But the Cominform, the agent of Russian foreign policy, in order to realize the sole aim of Russian imperialism, no longer needs Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish, or any of the fanatical communists who believe in the World-International. It wants only colonies, where the "Gauleiters" are Russian marshals.



Soft Heart, Hard Head

I was reading my breviary peacefully, when an old man entered the subway car, selling song sheets. He met a young fellow also selling song sheets in the middle of the car. The young fellow yelled, "You know this is my route." He gave the old man a shove, knocked him down. The song-sheets scattered.

A big fellow caught the young song vendor a terrific right that sent him sprawling. Then the big fellow helped the old man to his feet. People in the car collected the song sheets for him. The big fellow took off his hat, whipped a dollar bill into it, and shouted, "How about helping the old gent?" He saw me first, "How about it, Reverend?" I gave him a quarter. It was really dramatic.

Two hours later I was coming back on the same line. Suddenly I looked up and there, shuffling into the car with his song sheets, was the same old man. At the next stop the young fellow got on, and the same big bruiser smashed him. When the hat came around to me, I said, "Sorry, Bud. I was here for the matinee."



Hard Heart, Soft Head

A PRIEST, on arrival in another city of his diocese, found he had forgotten his wallet. He decided to stop at the nearest rectory and borrow a few dollars. He rang the bell. A grumpy housekeeper answered the door and got his story. The pastor came down in a huff, and threw him out, Roman collar and all. "I've seen that trick pulled before," said the pastor. In a few days, the old pastor got a letter enclosing \$5 for Masses, "For the increase of charity." It was signed by the chancellor of the diocese.

Perpetual Help (Jan. '50).

*Tradition dies hard in England and the ages of faith
still shine through a few chinks*



Inn-Side Story of Signs



Condensed from the *Times-Picayune New Orleans States**

EARLY everyone who has traveled in England comes back with stories of the odd names found on the inns. Most of the names are very old. Few British inn signs have any direct connection with drinking. The inn was a place of refreshment in its broadest sense. Good wine and good ale were only contributory delights. Indeed, many signs have a religious origin.

Names like The Golden Cross, The Salutation and The Angel refer to the Annunciation. The Pelican, portrayed feeding her young with her own blood, is a medieval figure of Christ, and many of the Lamb taverns display the traditional *Agnus Dei*. The sign of The Cock and Trumpet symbolizes the Resurrection, and, carrying the human story to an optimistic end, The Cross Keys are the keys of St. Peter himself. Lesser-known saints abound on inn signs.

When you see the sign of the gridiron, it usually refers to hapless St. Lawrence, roasted to death by Emperor Valerian. But you can't always be sure. Many a Swan and Harp has been humorously changed to

Goose and Gridiron, typifying the Briton's love of understatement. St. Catherine, who broke the wheel that was intended to break her, is remembered in the sign of The Catherine Wheel, sometimes corrupted to Cat and Wheel or Cart and Wheel.

Corruptions of original inn names constitute quite a proportion of present-day tavern nomenclature, sometimes because the originals were too difficult to pronounce and sometimes through mischievous improvisation. For instance, the noble Infanta di Castile is probably at the root of the curious Elephant and Castle. The ship *Bellerophon* of the Napoleonic wars is now the Billy Ruffian; Andromache has taken on a tartan flavor in The Andrew Mac, and the Bacchanals is simplified to Bag o' Nails.

The explanation that The Goat and Compasses sprang from "God Encompasseth Us" has regrettably been disproved. The sign is probably derived from the Arms of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers (shoemakers).

Lately some signs have gone mod-

ern, though not all modern ones have lost their religious strain. Two recent tavern christenings bear witness to this fact. The first is the GI Inn at Hastings, Sussex. Its sign depicts a U.S. doughboy, complete with jaunty overseas cap, unit citation, medals and a friendly smile

that surely must have a wad of gum behind it.

The second is The Startled Saint at West Malling, Kent, Battle of Britain fighter station. This shows the saintly crusader St. Leonard having his halo buzzed by a squadron of Spitfires.



Smart Alecks

LAST YEAR I suggested to my eight-year-old son that he give up something for Lent, something that would really hurt, like candy. The boy hesitated, and then asked me what his dad and I were giving up. I replied, "Liquor." The boy objected, "Before dinner I saw you and daddy drinking something." "That was wine," I answered. "We gave up hard liquor." The boy thought for a while and then said, "Well, I think I'll give up hard candy."

Mrs. Robert Frost in the *Times-Picayune New Orleans States* (27 Nov. '49).



MSGR. FULTON J. SHEEN tells how he found himself lost in Philadelphia on his way to give a lecture. He went up to a group of boys playing. "Can you please tell me the way to the Town Hall?" One boy gave him directions, and then asked, "What are you going to do there?" "I'm going to give a lecture on how to get to heaven. Would you like to come?" "Huh," was the boy's retort. "You don't even know how to get to the Town Hall."

From *More Catechism Stories* by F. H. Drinkwater.



THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY, reporting to the family about a "girls' choice" school dance, said that his girl had met him at the door of the school gym, handed him a coin, and told him to buy his ticket. They didn't see much of each other the rest of that evening. The boy's flabbergasted father asked him how the evening had been spent. Tommy explained, "Oh, the girls danced with each other and the boys ran around the track and wrestled, and everybody had a swell time."

New Zealand Tablet (24 Aug. '49).

BOOK SECTION

Certainly, I'm A Catholic

By THOMAS McDERMOTT

Condensed from the book*



A LAYMAN'S "credo," expressed in straightforward, forceful language, *Certainly, I'm A Catholic*, by Thomas McDermott is an excellent presentation of the case for Catholicism.

McDermott argues that Catholicism compels rational acceptance as a system of thought and a way of life because "it is the answer to the questions and the problems of myself, my neighbor, and my world."

A graduate of St. John's college and Marquette university Law School, McDermott is now on the legal staff of the National Labor Relations board in Washington. He is the author of a biography of Pope Pius XII entitled, *Keeper of the Keys*, and is now working on a doctor's thesis, *The Church and the Constitution*.

**Certainly, I'm a Catholic!* Copyright, 1950, by Thomas McDermott. Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publisher, Bruce Publishing Co., Inc., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 154 pp. \$2.50.

Certainly, I'm a Catholic

By THOMAS McDERMOTT

I AM A Catholic. Why? With the persistence of a collector from the finance company, that question keeps dunning me for an answer. I finish dictating a memorandum on a complex problem of corporation law, light a cigarette, and ask myself, "Why am I a Catholic?" The bongas rumble, and, mumbling something about the beauty of a slow fox trot, I essay the samba. She is in my arms and she is beautiful, yet I wonder, "Why the Catholic religion and not hers or someone else's?" The bend of a river, yellow light on the soft water, and a steak fry on Friday. As I reach for a cheese sandwich—they can be so tasteless at times—and sniff that odor of odors, someone unseen whispers, "Why do you cling to Catholicism when any other religion would be easier?" Indeed it would be, because my religion has too many "do not's" for comfortable living. Cocktail parties are inanely boring but, now and then, some martined friend enlivens the banality with a religious argument. I arch my swizzle stick, raise my voice above the shouting, and begin to defend holy Mother Church. Why?

I pride myself on being a prac-

tical man, and I am not without ambition. Would it not be to my advantage, financial, social, political, and otherwise, to give up the faith of my fathers and to become, like the powerful and the influential, Episcopalian, Methodist, or Masonic? They, not we, control and sway the course of business and the policy of government. The answer is, obviously, Yes. The Catholic Church in Wisconsin once had a poor mechanic; today he is a millionaire manufacturer but attends the Tripoli shrine. "One doesn't meet the Milwaukee industrialists at the K. of C. hall." Of course, there are many Catholics who have made much money, and their faith has not interfered with their financial success. Some of them may not be too good Catholics, but some undoubtedly are. Nevertheless, there are more helping hands on the road to a million dollars (before taxes), if you are non- than if you are Catholic.

AND, then, there is the South Carolina lawyer who began a brilliant ascent to Congress, the Supreme Court, and the President's cabinet, after he became an Anglican "Catholic" instead of the Roman Catholic

he was born. Though I am by birth an American, educated, and, someday, experienced, can I be president and yet a Catholic? In 1940 James A. Farley, whose service to his party and to his country had been praiseworthy, was told, both bluntly and subtly, "Don't be foolish, Jim. No Catholic can be elected president." And the presidential campaign of 1928—in a spirit of charity, some things had best be forgotten. However, I am one who believes that a Catholic will someday be president of the U. S., though it is unlikely to be in my lifetime. There is nothing in the Constitution which makes my conviction unreasonable; and, by perseverance and education, Catholics, Jews, and Negroes will eventually end the blind prejudice which considers them unfit for the highest office in the land.

I am a lawyer, but would not clients who can offer me fat retainers prefer one who wears a scimitar on his lapel, or is an elder or a vestryman? Such preference is not a reflection on them, for "likes" prefer "likes." Why don't I be a realist then, don a fez, and watch the bank account grow? The Masons and the Protestants are usually upright men and loyal Americans, leading, for the most part, decent, wholesome, purposeful lives. Catholicism has no monopoly on civic virtues and humanitarian ideals, as the noble work of the Masonic hospitals for crippled children and the admirable generosity of the Quakers and the Mor-

mons surely prove. The South Carolina lawyer has made a notable contribution to his country, his world, and his fellow men, and the life of the Wisconsin mechanic has not been without merit. Yet, I remain a Catholic. Why?

The theologian will explain with ponderous words, "Because you received the gift of faith at Baptism." This is the true, the complete, and the ultimate answer to my question. Once I enviously listened to a learned Jew expound in beautiful language and with remarkable clarity the truths of Catholicism, not only as a religion but also as a system of thought and a way of life. Afterward, a member of the audience asked the speaker, "How can you know so much of Catholicism and still remain outside the Church?" The Jew sadly replied, "I do not have the gift of faith." With this reply I could end my quest and know that I am right in being a Catholic. But the question, "Why am I a Catholic?" would yet haunt me.

While conceding that many things are beyond its power, yet my mind seeks a satisfying and human answer. I wish to answer "Why?" in terms of this life rather than the next, though such is not truly possible, because the hereafter cannot be entirely excluded. Thence I came and thither I will, one day, go. The answer, to be valid for me and others, must, moreover, reflect my inner self in that I am a man of body, intellect, and emotions, and it

must be worthy of my nobility in that I am spiritual as well as material. Finally, it must enable me to live worthily as a citizen of my country and of my world, and as a brother of my neighbor, and as a trustee of the plant and animal kingdom and of the treasures of the earth.

THE MOST important letter in everyone's alphabet is "I." Man necessarily judges a system of thought and a way of life first in terms of their benefit and value to himself, and only afterward in terms of their help and worth to his neighbor and his world. This preoccupation with the "I," though it harbors possibilities of abuse, is not wrong in itself nor is it to be shunned by anyone. The first law of life is self-preservation, which, being His law, is favored by the Author of nature.

The Big Four of the questions a man asks himself are, "What, whence, why, whither am I?" They echo down the years of life and darken the brighter moments, for the answers given are too often false and, when true, are now and then disturbing. Yet, the four and their answers have controlled all history, and influence the destiny of every man and of every succeeding generation.

"What am I?" If man, as he is told by the partisans of communism, the devotees of scientism, and the other adherents of materialism, answers, "I am merely a higher animal, without a soul and without an

origin and destiny in God," then there is no sufficient reason to live more purposefully than the beasts.

For man to reply, on the other hand, "I am solely a spirit" is to deny the overwhelming evidence that men possess the needs, desires, and properties of animals. The evils of this answer are less striking, but are as destructive of human welfare as the reply of the materialists. The religions of Asia have, through their contempt for man's physical needs, enervated the forces of material progress and kept the masses in a slavery of ignorance, hunger, and squalor. It cannot be denied that even among Christians, there has been and is a neglect of man's temporal welfare in the name of a pseudo spirituality. It shows itself in the New England mill owners who thought decent wages for girls were a temptation to sin, and in the southern industrialists who insist that their employees go to church but pay the employees coolie wages.

CATHOLICISM tells man, "You are a human being made of physical body and rational soul." This is for me a complete and satisfying answer. "Physical" explains my identity with the birds and the beasts in the need of food, drink, and shelter, and in the desire for companionship and procreation, and my similarity to them in bodily structure, members, and functions. It furnishes me a noble reason for regarding with respect and for using with reasonable-

ness the beasts of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, which share with me the common kingdom of animality.

But, unlike them, I think thoughts which leap the barriers of time and space, and climb to worlds unknown and untouched by matter. I have desires which find no satisfaction in material things, and hopes which have no realization here and now. Are thoughts of immortality, desires for truth and goodness, and hopes for a more noble world from the animal body? This I cannot believe, no more than I can that maggots are born of putrefying debris. In a "rational soul" reason and experience find a readily acceptable answer.

"What difference does it make that man has a rational soul?" you and many others will ask. "How can it affect the problems of man, of his time, and of his world?" This answer may seem incredible, but the fact that man has a rational soul is the basic key to economic, social, and political justice and to national and international peace and prosperity. Non-Catholics call this key "the dignity of man," which they claim gives him an inalienable right to such justice, peace, and prosperity. But, unless man is essentially different from all other animals, one cannot speak of "the dignity of man" as being greater than "the dignity of the lion." How then can men who do not believe in the human soul claim for themselves rights greater

than the lion's, or expect other men to respect such rights? Man's rational soul alone is the essential difference between man and all other animals. Unless a man has a rational soul, he may not demand a living wage, nor freedom from fear, want, and war, nor freedom of speech, religion or assembly, nor the many other rights and hopes which we struggle to hold and to attain, not only for ourselves but for all men.

ONCE a man knows what he is, the next question to be asked is, "Whence am I?" Topsy answered, "I never was born. I just grewed like cabbage and corn." Her reply should evoke no more laughter than that of the many philosophers and scientists who, ridiculing the possibility of a higher and different being, claim that man just happened. They demand a cause for every chemical, sociological, and biological reaction; they laugh at those explanations of religion which cannot be measured in decimals nor weighed in grains. Yet, they blandly and naively tell me that man has no cause essentially different from himself—which means that "he just happened." My niece of six does not accept, "It just happened," as an answer to her too many questions. Neither will I. There must be a better one.

The Church teaches that God created man and his world, and defines the Creator as an eternal, infinite, and omnipotent person. She is silent as to the method of creation,

and neither condemns nor approves any explanation which respects the character and the position of the Creator and the created.

I am not obliged by Catholicism to adhere to a literal interpretation of the Bible in respect to scientific matters, for, as Cardinal Baronius said in the 16th century, "The Bible was written to tell us the way to go to heaven, and not the way the heavens go." Hence I am free to accept science's explanation of how the first man appeared on earth, provided that explanation admits the direct creation of the human soul by God and the unity of the human race through descent from Adam and Eve.

Who is this God? He is a being without matter, and with eternal existence and infinite wisdom, power, and sanctity. There is no need here to prove His existence because the vast majority of mankind believe in Him, as naturally as they accept that two and two equal four, and the doubtful minority cannot be convinced by any proof or argument. (This, of course, does not imply that the existence of God is not provable by reason or just common sense. Not even the most skeptical of men will believe that a lighted candle "just happened" to be on a mountaintop. Why, then, should he or anybody else claim that the stars are in the sky by chance and not by the act of some being whom we call God.) God must be nonmaterial, for only a spirit can be the source of

the human soul, which accounts for the immaterial thoughts, desires, and hopes of man. God must be eternal, that is, without a beginning and without an end. All things that we know on earth have a cause; hence, the ultimate cause of the last cause known to us must be without a cause and be its own cause. Otherwise, there would have to be a cause for God and then a cause for His cause and so on to absurdity. To be the ultimate cause one must be without a superior and without an equal; and, hence, God is infinitely (without limits and measurements) wise, powerful, and good. Otherwise, there would be beings like Him, and then we would have to hunt for His and their superior, and again we are in a vicious circle.

THERE being so many questions for this side of heaven, I will ask no more concerning God. But one major reason for my belief in Catholicism is its belief in, and reasonable conception of, God. To the Church God is not a Moloch thirsting for the punishment of sinners, but a most merciful Father awaiting the return of His penitent sons. Nor is He a Milquetoast who will supinely and maudlinly forgive the willful errors of stubborn man, but a judge who enforces justice as a fundamental law of the universe.

It is the denial of this God that has led to the totalitarian state with all its cruelties, which brought the world a hideous war and is now

threatening it with another. If there be no God, then the only authority left is the man in power. To whom does one appeal for the right to oppose tyrants when he believes that above the earth there is only blind chance and impersonal force? People must worship, and in taking away God the atheists leave them only themselves or other and more powerful men to adore—and so you have anarchy or despotism. Even Voltaire, the French philosopher, who mocked God and religion, reluctantly conceded that if God did not exist, it would be necessary to create Him in order that human society might endure: Voltaire would cynically appreciate the recent creation of the "red god" by the communists who long have denied the God of the Catholics.

Why was I born? This is not the plaintive refrain of a callow youth serenading some icy lass, but the most disturbing and haunting question one can ask oneself. It has been asked by every person born into this world, and will be until time is no more. A disturbing question, because its answer sets the life path of every man and determines the current of history and of civilization. In Sparta centuries ago the answer given was, "You were born to be the servant of the State." From this, militarism and enslaving totalitarianism arose to darken all of Greece. A haunting question, because true happiness depends on the answer. The millionaire thought the answer

was spelled in gold and silver; but, having amassed a fortune, he found his life as cold as the money and as cheerless as the vaults it was in, and so he killed himself. Omar Khayyam knew no answer to the question. "Drink to oblivion" was his counsel of despair.

Man asks the question not only of himself but of all around him. Hundreds of men and women vie with me at work, thousands jostle me on the streets and sidewalks, and hundreds of millions at home and thousands of millions abroad run with me our common race from the cradle to the grave. In this ant heap we call our world, they and I endure pain of body and distress of mind, earn our bread in toil and tears, and live in the sorrow or fear of insecurity, of calamity, and of war's fearful and bloody destruction. Only a few will gain the summit of today and a place in tomorrow, while the rest will sink among the nameless billions of yesterday. Yet, they and I continue to live, to struggle, to hope, not with foolish expectation that tomorrow will entirely change but with a vague conviction that life is worth while and purposeful. Do we delude ourselves, and thereby allow the stronger to profit from our blindness? Or is there an answer to "Why was I born?"

MANY contend that I am here only to exist and to obtain for myself the maximum from life in material things and fleshly joys. If this be so,

then I am foolish not to cut existence short with a well-placed bullet; life cannot bring me and 99% of mankind enough success and joy to compensate for the burdens and sorrows that are our daily lot. Money and the luxuries it buys cannot dull the pain of losing a beloved one to death or to the slow ravages of some hideous illness; and fame does not erase the memories of sacrifice, of humiliation, and of hardship. And, "as the sweetest honey becomes loathsome to the taste, and in the eating confounds the appetite," so material things pall on man and change from delights to chains. Suicide at the age of reason would be logical.

ALL things about me, the plants, the animals, the minerals, exist and end, and in so doing they fulfill their destiny, whether it be to purify the air or fertilize the earth, to feed man or beautify his world, to furnish the materials of industry or provide the products of commerce. Man, being at the summit of creation, must have a destiny beyond the earth and above all earthly things; and only One can be such a destiny, God, and to return to Him must be the purpose of life.

Do I have in the Catholic reply a more enduring and compelling reason for being a benefactor of mankind than a communist, or a socialist, or a materialist social worker? They aid the downtrodden and the ill-favored because the sight of misery moves their emotions to

kindness or because their natural sense of justice cries out against man's inhumanity to man. But such reasons do not endure: the communist "liquidates" the opposition, though poor and exploited; the socialist discriminates against the rich; and the materialist social worker turns against the ungrateful and the surly. Their actions should not be a source of surprise. The communist sees in the opposition only an obstacle to power; to the socialist the rich have no claim on his justice or charity; and the materialist social worker views the relief applicant solely in terms of rules and statistics. In short, mankind may not compel their help, unless it can evoke in them an emotional throb or a personal bias.

When a Catholic looks at his fellow man, white or black, Christian or Jew, Catholic, Protestant, or pagan, rich or poor, communist, fascist, or democrat, aristocrat or beggar, there is before him his brother with a body and soul like his own, and of the same origin and for the same destiny as he. Therefore, the Catholic must love his fellow man, regardless of like or dislike for his race, creed, nationality or class. The brotherhood of man, of which the alleged liberal prates so loudly and hollowly, is to a Catholic not a term of ideology, but a demand of reason and a command of faith. Since it is his obligation, he can sacrifice and toil for the happiness and welfare of mankind with-

out thought of today's return or tomorrow's remembrance. And this is well, for without that obligation, logic and experience would prompt one to ignore mankind. Misery has become in recent years so commonplace as to leave most people unmoved; and the possibility of justice in the present world is, alas, not a comforting illusion but a befogging delusion.

The Catholic answer to "Why was I born?" gives a purpose to life and a justification for living. The earth to me is not "a hell with a few cool spots." It is a ship upon which man is working his passage back to God; and, hence, all of its hardships should be accepted as part of the fare.

THOUGH a man knows the answers to "What, whence, why, and whither am I?" yet real happiness and contentment lie only in the answers to the problems of daily life. Being a creature of body, intellect, and emotion, I have emotional, mental, and physical problems. They, more than those of a philosophical and theological character, are of major concern to me. What solutions does Catholicism offer me? The value of a system of thought and living is, after all, not so much what it can tell me as what it can do for me.

The physical problems of life are three: health, hunger, and sex. Should one neglect his body to the point that it becomes the victim of every germ and microbe? Or should

he pamper it, à la Bernarr Macfadden, to the point that friends will label him a "faddist"? The Church teaches that the human body is the earthly residence of an eternal soul, and, for that reason, must be properly fed, reasonably clothed, and at all times respected and revered.

On the other hand, she reminds man that his body is dust in origin and, hence, is to be the servant and not the master. This way of living avoids either extreme, and keeps man on a sane and moderate path which allows him sufficient rope to enjoy himself but not enough to hang himself. The moderateness which the Church urges upon man as a matter of religion is acclaimed by physicians of the body and the mind as a necessity for happy and balanced living. Why scold the Church as medieval, when medicine considers the quantity of food allowed by her Lenten regulations to be a sound amount for good health?

During the prohibition frenzy the Church was criticized because of her coolness toward that "noble experiment," the 18th Amendment. Wise from 2,000 years of dealing with willful mankind, she knew that neither legislative act nor penal force could succeed in making teetotalers out of a nation of ordinary men. Moreover, she condemns as irrational what many prohibitionists claimed, namely, that liquor in itself is an evil thing. The Church teaches that whatever is edible or potable is good to eat and to drink. God hav-

ing made the grapes for wine, the barley for beer, and the grains and fruits for liquor, they must be good and, within temperate bounds, praiseworthy. Prohibition, or even temperance, on the grounds that liquor is evil has no place in the Catholic way of life; but, if on the grounds of prudence or preference, then indeed it has.

THERE are segments of Protestant Christianity which, like puritanism of old, label sinful such innocent pleasures of human life as dancing, card playing, social drinking, and the like. They evidently believe that the Christian way of life should be black with gloom and sour with repression. Catholicism, on the other hand, while always urging penance and sacrifice, teaches her people to cultivate joy and to look upon all things as the lovely creations of God and upon all acts, save sin, as the gladsome expression of free will. The joyfulness of the Catholic way of life was simply expressed by St. Francis of Assisi, when he said to his companions, "Wait a little for me in the road, and I will go and preach to my sisters, the birds," and when he sang, "Praised be my Lord for our Sister, Mother Earth, who sustains and keeps us, and brings forth divers fruits and grass and flowers bright." The Catholic way is to be happy always, to be content with all things, and to see good in all of God's creations.

The Church's position on sex is

the object of much criticism and the subject of many misunderstandings. The Catholic teaching that sex in its sensual expressions is forbidden entirely to the single and is permitted to the married only within the marital bond runs counter to the modern naturalism of "anything goes." The exponents of the latter contend that since sex is a natural thing, the Church is tyrannical and reactionary in restricting its use to the marital bond. Many things in human life are natural; yet, the uncontrolled and abusive expression of those things, including sex, have not been and will not be permitted by society. To want and to seek material possessions are natural to man; but the state forbids him to resort to theft or to oppression in order to satisfy that desire. The same is true of political power which democracy teaches must be earned and granted, not taken by force or held by fraud. Finally, as a person can dig his own grave with his teeth by eating to the point of gluttony, so the individual and society can bring upon themselves decay and disintegration by flouting the law of God and the customs of mankind as to sex and its expression. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air instinctively use sex to please God and to aid man by continuing their species, and in their expressions of sex maintain a natural dignity. Only man with his greater talents of expression and action can strip sex of its sacredness and clothe it with the garments of

lewdness, pornography, and vulgarity.

The claim of some few "naturalists" that the denial of sexual desires and the practice of continence necessarily cause mental diseases, emotional disturbances, and sex perversions is scarcely worth a comment, so absurd is it. The falsity of this contention is readily proved by the favorable statistics on the mental and emotional health of the clergy, of the Religious (Protestant as well as Catholic), and of the unmarried laity.

THE Church's position on sex also runs counter to that ancient and modern extremism which thinks that sex is nasty and dirty and is to be accepted only as a necessary evil. To be ashamed of sex as a foul thing is no less obscene than to be enamored of it as an obsession. In a way it exceeds debauchery in sinfulness because the latter, even in abusing sex, accepts God's gift, whereas the former arrogantly denies the wisdom of the Creator in establishing sex; moreover the "naturalists" may repent, but the puritanical extremists continue blind, for they are convinced of their righteousness. These puritans commit the sin of pride in condemning the God-given gift of sex; and it is to be remembered that the angels also sinned in pride, and that they were damned forever, whereas the first parents sinned out of human frailty, and were promised and given a Redeemer.

Unfortunately, a tinge of this extremism in varying depth shows itself in the thinking and living of some Catholics. The latter have a negative approach toward sex, in that they rarely speak of the sanctity of sex and the beauty of physical love, but limit their speech to condemning the evils of immorality and to praising the glories of chastity and continence. Both the condemnation and the praise are very necessary and very proper. Yet, a Catholic who has heard his teachers and parents frequently condemn the sins of the flesh and extol virginity, while saying little or nothing about the dignity and the glory of sex within the marital bond, unconsciously tends to think that sex, if not bad in itself, is at most only to be tolerated. The teachers and parents will object that this is not their intention, and I agree. But a biography which tells only of the faults and mistakes of its subject will not make him revered by the public; and a business which, though selling two brands of soap, advertises only one will lead the customers to suspect the quality of the other.

Perhaps the reason for the negative attitude of some Catholics toward sex may be found in the traces of Protestant puritanism with which the Catholic Church in America is still tainted. We, unlike the Catholics of the Middle Ages and of the Latin countries, do not have a robust and simple approach to sex. There is in southern France, Spain, and

Italy no mystery about sex, for from earliest childhood conception and birth are realities, not "facts of life" to be learned from the "gang" or to be taught in school. Cotton Mather, the apostle of American puritanism, forbade his wife to inform him that she was with child on the ground that such conversation was indecent. The majority of Americans, Catholic, Protestant, and pagan, imitate Mather by wishing that pregnant women would keep themselves from public gaze. In France a gentleman lifts his hat and bows to a woman with child, for she is the mother of the race and the bearer of a child of God.

The true Catholic approach to sex and physical love is not only positive but it is also very understanding. The Church, while holding chastity and continence up as ideals to be sought by everyone, is not surprised that they are not perfectly attained by all. She, far more than her Freud-obsessed opponents admit, realizes that man has desires hard to control and inclinations difficult to deny; and, hence, Catholics do not turn with distaste from "human" men and "human" women; they remember their own struggles and try to help with advice and encouragement. If this were not so, the early Church would have turned away Augustine of Hippo, and lost the greatest philosopher and theologian of Christian antiquity. Augustine was unsaintly in his early years, as a reading of his *Confessions*

will show. If they had read the life of St. Augustine, certain bluenoses would not have expressed disgust when some years ago the Church joyfully received back a repentant actor of world notoriety, whose blanket covered many a love forbidden him by the Catholic way of life.

IN THE 1920's the signs of social acceptance were for a man a raccoon coat and a hip flask, and for a woman bobbed hair and knee-high dresses. Today, a bill from a psychiatrist is sufficient proof that you are "hep" and modern. You have been psychoanalyzed, and now you are mentally sound and emotionally stable. Psychiatry is today a fetish with people who have nothing else to cling to for advice and comfort. False systems of thought and ways of life have taken away all hope and confidence. This is a piteous tragedy, since psychiatry is at most a crutch and can never be a substitute for a personal philosophy of life which makes living both useful and hopeful. There is, of course, a need for psychiatry, and a field of activity within which psychiatrists can accomplish much good. Mental and emotional patients may be helped considerably by psychiatry, provided that psychiatrists realize and respect the nonmaterial character of the human intellect and will.

Non-Catholics frequently wonder at the confidence and security with which most Catholics face life, even

when beset by many difficult problems. Proportionately, fewer Catholics need psychiatric help than the members of any other religion or of nonreligion. The answer is that fear and insecurity, which cause so many cases of mental illnesses and emotional disturbances, have no place in the Catholic way of life. The Irish happily express this with the maxim, "God never shuts a door without opening a window." The Catholics have answers to "What, whence, why and whither am I?" which eliminate fear and make insecurity unreal. When one knows that he is from God, will return to God, and that God created and rules the universe, he has no cause to fear yesterday, today, or tomorrow. He is accompanied always by One infinitely greater and stronger than himself. Hence, fear, which results from loneliness and ignorance, has no part in the Catholic way of life.

The same is true of insecurity, and for the same reasons. To be insecure indicates that you do not have an objective in life to which all other affairs and concerns are subordinate and incidental. A scientist in search of a cure for a dread disease never feels insecure because he is too absorbed in his experiments to worry about the present or the future. Since a Catholic's overwhelming objective in life is the salvation of his soul through love of God and love of man, he has no excuse for excessive concern over the imminence of war, or the threat

of social upheavals and economic chaos, or the decay and disintegration of society and of civilization. Evils may come, and they may not, and a good Catholic will do everything humanly possible to prevent them; but his major concern continues to be his soul's salvation. And to this is added an unswerving belief that he need not be troubled about what he is to eat or wear. He believes that God will take care of him as He does the birds of the air and the lilies of the field.

THE CATHOLIC system of thought provides me with reasonable and consistent answers to the basic questions troubling me and all mankind. I find it fully in accord with reason and experience to believe that man has a physical body and a rational soul, that man and his world were created by God, and that man lives primarily to return to God by saving his soul through love of God and neighbor. These answers in turn make logical and necessary the demands which are daily made upon me by other men, such as obedience to the laws of the state, respect for the rights and interests of all people, and labor to improve my own and the lot of all men. Because of Catholicism I can function as a member of society without contradicting myself.

On the other hand, Louis C., who believes in nothing beyond the human body and in no one above the tangible universe, keeps doubting

his answers to "What? Whence? Whither? and Why am I?" He should, and must. If he is consistent with his answers, he will become Public Enemy No. 1. Louis C. claims that man is a mere animal—this being so, why shouldn't he rob me of my money, as he robs the bee, another mere animal, of its honey?

Louis finds himself in the same contradiction with respect to all the basic questions of mankind. If he does not turn criminal, it is because he refuses to be consistent with his answers. But, Louis C. and the millions of others do not escape completely their intellectual dishonesty. They began a small fire some generations ago, which then could be stamped out, but which today would require a river to quench. The reason is that plain common sense convinced millions of Louis C.'s that what they were taught to think had made nonsense out of the noble and virtuous lives after which they were to strive. Imagine what would happen if the schools which produce the Louis C.'s were to introduce a compulsory course in logic, and thereby guide the students from the answers taught to their inevitable conclusions. The graduating class would out-Hitler Hitler.

Louis C. will protest, "But what about the crimes of those who do believe in your system of thought?" I reply that the Catholics violate their principles while the Louis C.'s, like the nazis, the fascists, and the communists, are acting in harmony

with theirs when they murder, pillage, and persecute the weak and defenseless. If man is born but to live and die, should he be so foolish as to obey the rules of other men and forego the pleasures which are his for the taking? My system of thought, if followed, leads to good; Louis C.'s if consistently followed, produces maniacal monsters, devoid of decency and dedicated to the jungle law of "force makes right."

IN MY judgment the only system of thought and way of life with sufficient scope and vitality to combat communism successfully for tomorrow is Catholicism. It offers the world a philosophy of state which saves man from tyranny without allowing him to be a terrorist, a solution to the economic problem which keeps man from being the slave of either capital or the government, and a code of international relations which can regain and hold peace and security. This system of thought and way of life rest upon the unmovable foundations of the true religion, and have behind them the intelligent unity of a zealous clergy and laity. Catholicism is international in forming links between the peoples of every land, and yet it is national in reflecting within each nation the best customs, ideals, traditions, and institutions of that people. I know of no better hope for the future than the teachings of the Catholic system of thought and the principles of the Catholic Church.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Baldwin, Monica. *I LEAP OVER THE WALL; Contrasts and Impressions after Twenty-Eight Years in a Convent.* New York: Rinehart. 313 pp. \$3.50. Discerning picture of the pursuit of union with God in a contemplative Order; by a woman who at 49 starts to readjust her life in uprooted wartime England. Worth comparison with Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain*.

Duffey, Felix D. *PSYCHIATRY AND ASCETICISM.* St. Louis: Herder. 132 pp. \$2. Mental peace can be lost through uncontrollable factors. But conscious failure to work along with God's grace is more often a cause; psychiatrists do harm if they advocate further unrestraint rather than control backed by prayer.

Duggan, Laurence. *THE AMERICAS; the Search for Hemisphere Security.* New York: Holt. 242 pp. \$3. Latin-American countries need continued aid from the U. S. in technical training and capital for local industries. Scarce natural resources otherwise will never yield a decent living. Plain writing on a plain duty.

Garrigou-Lagrange, Reginald. *THE MOTHER OF THE SAVIOUR, and Our Interior Life.* St. Louis: Herder. 338 pp. \$4. Simple but accurate statement of what the Church understands by the divine motherhood and holiness of Mary. Shows how she can have a real effect on our own souls.

Hartnett, Robert C. *EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL CHILDREN; Public Welfare Benefits for All American Children.* New York: America Press. 40 pp., paper. 25¢. The reversal of Congressional tradition favoring religion is aimed at in school-aid bills. They would restrict help to the publicly owned school whose consistent effect has been to water down the religious beliefs of Americans.

Hasley, Lucile. *REPROACHFULLY YOURS.* New York: Sheed & Ward. 128 pp. \$2.25. Humorous essays by convert who could find all the Collects in the missal but had not been told when to kneel or stand at Mass. Enjoyable reading for everyone.

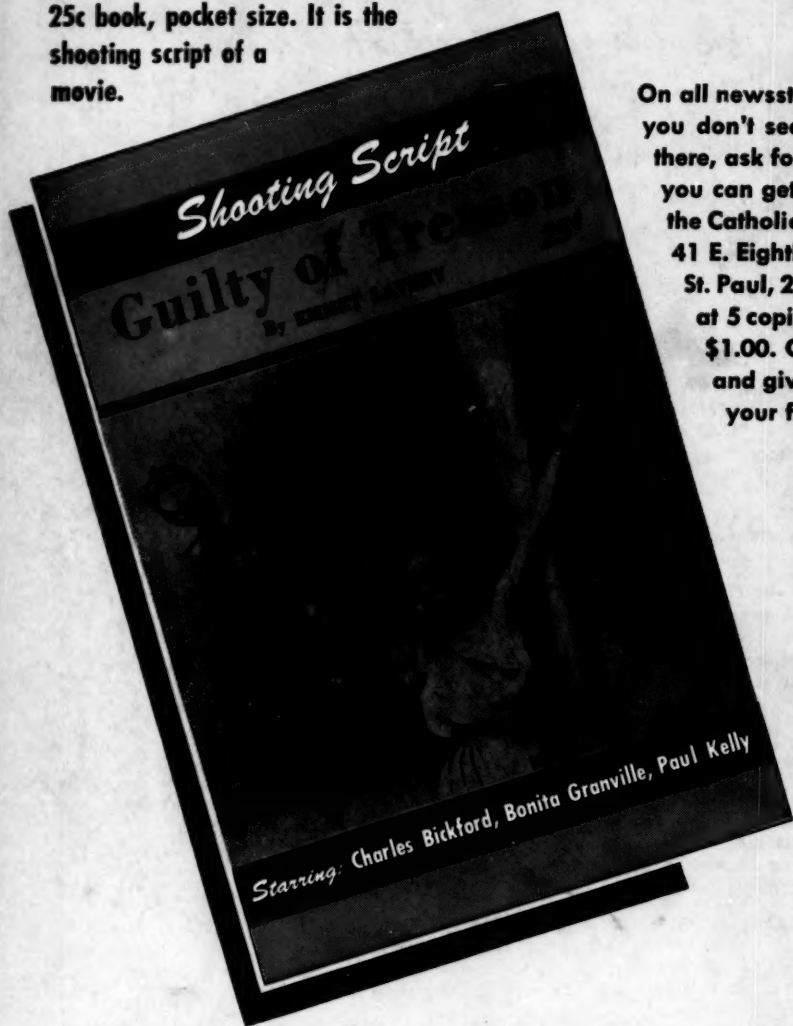
Lavery, Emmet. *GUILTY OF TREASON [The "Shooting Script"].* St. Paul: Catholic Digest. 128 pp., paper. 25¢. An adventure in publishing: dialogue as well as direction notes used for making movie on trial of Cardinal Mindszenty. Romance involving Hungarian girl, communist officer, and American newspaperman gives exciting background. Pocket size.

McCormack, Lily. *I HEAR YOU CALLING ME.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 201 pp., illus. \$2.75. Wife's delightful story of the Irish tenor, John McCormack. Concert travels, family life in 28 successive homes, and friendship with singers and other greats of a third of our century. Includes complete listing of all McCormack records.

O'Sullivan, Richard, editor. *UNDER GOD AND THE LAW; Papers Read to the Thomas More Society of London: 2nd Series.* Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 171 pp. \$2.50. Cogent essays on the religious spirit underlying laws that earns them reverence. Christians see in law the mind of God the Ruler; when law comes as mere expression of human force, it has lost for them its claim to obedience.

Smith, Mortimer. *AND MADLY TEACH; a Layman Looks at Public School Education.* Chicago: Regnery. 107 pp. \$2. School-board member finds tax-supported schools dominated by a fraternity of administrators who despise learning.

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